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After Shave
Lotion (now
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formtoo). Colognes,
Shaving Creams (Lather and
Brushless), Soaps, preparations for the hair and new
Dry (Electric) Shave Lotion.

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it's an Anglepoise!

Lucky man, with his Anglepoise! Clean light from any angle at a finger touch doubles reading's delight, makes writing a pleasure. He'll be lucky, too, if he can keep it from Her — with her knitting, needlework or dressmaking.

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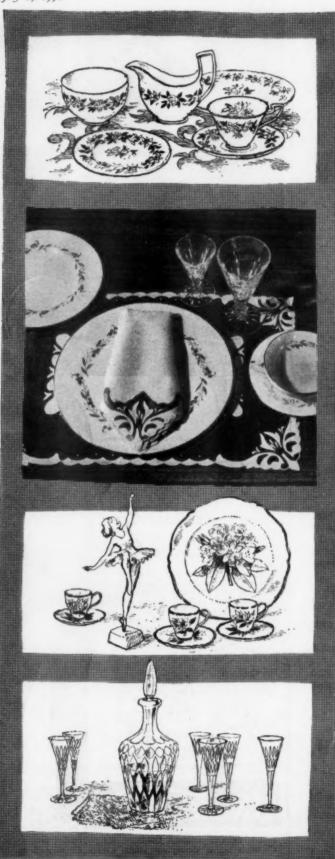


Table trends

Royal Worcester "Torquay" china, gold rim, pattern of white roses and fruit blossoms with palest pink and yellow centres. Tea-set for six £14.2.8 Dinner service for eight £57.7.4 Organdie table-cloth appliquéd with flowers—from a wonderful selection of household linens. In peach, green, gold, red or ecru on white ground. 45° x 45° cloth with 6 napkins set £8.12.6 54° x 54° cloth with 6 napkins set £12.12.0

Royal Worcester "Saquenay" china, gold rims and pattern of gold boughs on white ground.

Place setting for one (5 pieces) £6.13.5

Matching tea-cup and saucer £1.17.6

Waterford crystal glasses, tall and tapering; for champagne 21/-, for sherry 17/6

Finest organdie table mats and napkins with centres and patterned borders of appliquéd linen cambric; in various colours. Set for eight £14.19.6

Spode pale green, gold-rimmed dessert plates with rhododendron pattern in pink, mauve or white; each £2. 11. 3 Coffee cups and saucers, rhododendrons on white ground; set for six £11. 1.6 Royal Worcester graceful dancing figure "Tuesday's Child" £5. 11. 3

Webb Corbett sherry decanter and tall-stemmed glasses, in cut crystal; set for six £10.15.6



From a magnificent selection of china, glass and household linen on the second floor. HARVEY NICHOLS & CO LTD OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BOURNEMOUTH

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plays the game



GREAT all-rounder, jute. In the West Indies even test matches have been played on wickets of jute matting. When a young cricketer wins his cap the chances are that there's jute in the lining of that. And jute helps his footwork-because there's probably jute in his boots as well.

But jute is no 'flannelled fool at the wicket'. It's one of the world's most versatile workers. When you're on the carpet you're on jute. Get the sack-and you get jute. If you know the ropes you know jute. If you've a roof over your head you're under jute's influence there.

Jute, in fact, is all over the place-yet seldom in the public eye. Look closely where the work is hardest, where the job is unglamorous but vital-and you're pretty sure to find jute. Honest, tough, down-to-earth, indispensable jute. Well played, Daisee!

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you like my coffee"

Now tell me how

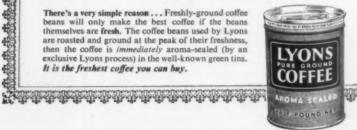
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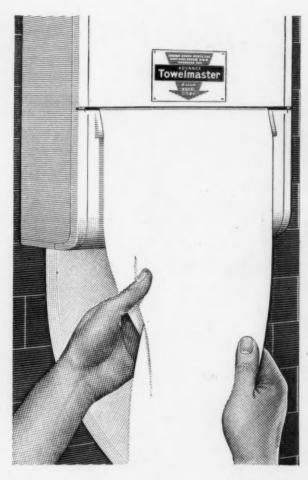
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There's a very simple reason... Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. It is the freshest coffee you can buy.





Only the Advance Towelmaster

Service

ensures* a clean, dry towel for everyone every time

What a difference the Towelmaster Service makes. Instead of sad, sopping roller towels or overflowing paper bins you have this gleaming white cabinet, offering a length of clean, soft, dry towel to every user—at all times. Why, from the point of view of prestige alone the Towelmaster is a fine investment. And the cost? Only 5/- for a roll 45 yards long—enough to dry 180 pairs of hands.

There is no capital outlay. You can budget precisely for the year ahead. A minimum of two cabinets is installed and maintained free of charge. All you pay is 5/- for each roll of towelling used. Minimum usage is one roll per cabinet per week.

And the Towelmaster is as efficient as it looks. Pull gently and down comes a length of snowy-white towel, sufficient for a really good dry. The used lengths automatically roll themselves back into the cabinet out of sight (into a separate compartment, of course).

Towelmaster

The people to contact are: Advance Linen Services Ltd. (Dept. A8.) Stratton House, Piccadilly, London W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 8886

 We collect and deliver every week; you always have a spare roll in reserve for each cabinet.



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Take them like this in lovely COLOUR



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Specially designed to use 'Kodachrome' film in convenient 8-exposure rolls. Takes black and white pictures too. And indoor snaps in colour or black and white with the accessory 'Kodak' Flasholder (extra). £12.10.2d.

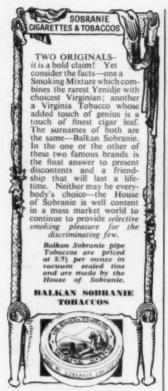
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A Rev-Robe is easy to pack, easy to carry, andlike all Revelation luggage-is practical, smart, and well-made. Ideal for air travel.

Rev-Robes are available in a wide range of models in fabrics, fibres and fine leathers to match other Revelation luggage. Prices from £7.15s.od. to £18.10s.od.

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Brush up your Shakespeare - 6



1 Explain briefly whether you would cast Ariel as an airy spirit in *The Tempest* or as a device for receiving commercial television in a fringe area—and why.



2 'Ride on the pants triumphing.' Describe in your own words why this phrase is more appropriate to a group of cyclists approaching a Flowers House than to Antony before a battle.

3 Do you honestly think that King Lear on ice would be

- (a) a commercial proposition?
- (b) too hot for the censors?

4 Was Christopher Sly-

- (a) a humorous writer in a daily paper?
- (b) a drunken tinker in the 'Shrew'?
- (c) a man who never told his friends where to find a Flowers House?

Knock back your Flowers bitter



Advanced students please note: Flowers famous Original Bitter is now available in keg (wow!). Not everywhere, but you may be lucky.

BREWED BY FLOWERS OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON

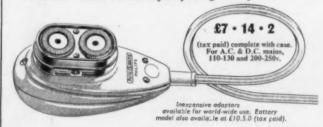
Freddie Trueman, Peter Haigh . . . and 'Philishave' Rotary Action



"How's that for a close shave —in comfort?"

"Very impressive, Freddie, very impressive indeed! I'd no idea any dry shaver shaved as close as that."

- " Neither had I till Jack Train told me about 'Philishave' Rotary Action."
- "I've heard about this Rotary Action. What is it, exactly?"
 - "Well, instead of all that to-and-fro business, the blades rotate. So they shave at all angles —"
- "Just the way the bristles grow, in fact?"
 - "Yes—that's what makes Rotary Action shaving so comfortable. And it's so close because, first, the shaving head gently stretches the skin."
- "Well, you're certainly on a wonderful wicket there, Freddie. Think I'd better join you right away!"



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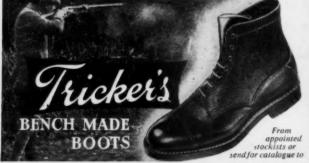
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There are thousands of persons in London-children too—who cannot see . . . THEY ARE BLIND. But they can be helped along the road to independence and self-reliant happiness by education, vocational training, and other aids. You can help by sending a donation or by remembering in your will the



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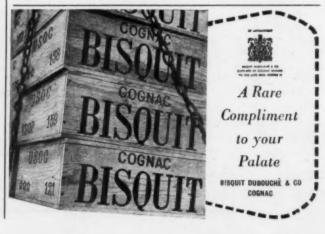
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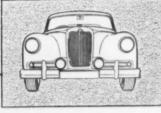
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To you, that success means 'Magnificent Motoring'superlative performance by a car renowned for its comfort and distinguished everywhere by the individual elegance of its style. Prove it yourself: your dealer will gladly arrange a test run.

Riley 2: litre O.H.V. engine. 110 B.H.P. at 4,400 r.p.m. 12' Hydraulic Brakes. Independent Front Suspension. Coil Springs at Rear. Telescopic Shock-absorbers. Real Leather Upholstery. Seating for Six.

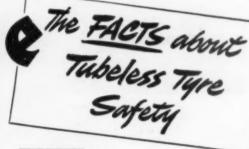


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RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD London Showrooms: RILEY CARS, 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.I. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd. Oxford & Piccadilly, London, W.I.



Firestone The FACTS about Tubeless Tyre Safety **TUBELESS TYRES**





Protection from **BLOWOUTS**

In this safety tyre the tube is replaced with an airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre. No tube to pinch, tear or blow out if injury to the tyre body occurs. Damage which might cause a conventional tyre to blow out becomes as harmless as a slow leak.



Protection from **PUNCTURES**

Reduces roadside delays because the airtight Safety-Liner, which is bonded to the inside of the tyre, clings to penetrating nails and sharp objects, preventing loss of air and enabling completion of a journey.

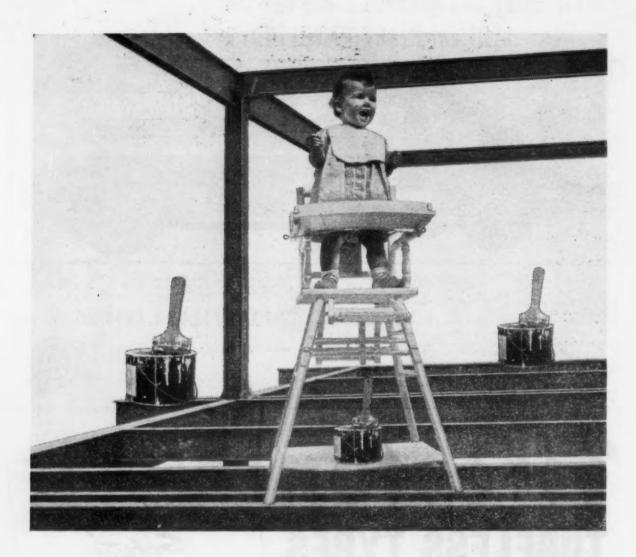
There's safety with all these Firestone Long-Service Features

Firestone (De Luxe and Town & Country) tyres are available in tubeless construction incorporating all the special Firestone features, Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord body, road-gripping quiet-running treads of scientific design, and longer tyre life.

Firestone TYRES - consistently good

Experience Counts

27 Factories throughout the world. Tiresione total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.



Petroleum chemicals are building a new world

More and more, we live in an age served by petroleum chemicals, a vast and thriving industry supplying practically all other industries with essential base materials, partnering modern agriculture in greater productiveness, speeding the development of plastics and the other still-young techniques of our changing world. In the petroleum chemical industry, with all its exciting possibilities, Shell Chemical Company has always been a pioneer and

leader. To-day, Shell's expanding chemical output includes well-known chemicals long established in use, modern replacements possessing technical advantages, and radically new materials which are widening the horizons for inventive minds and adding much, in many ways, to human efficiency and comfort. You see this adventurous new world of chemicals around you, unfolding its variety on every side.

You can be sure of Shell



Shell Chemical Company Limited, Norman House, 105/109 Strand, London, W.C.2. Tel: Temple Bar 4455



REPORTS that the Duke of Edinburgh fell heavily on the polo-field the other Sunday are said to have been received without comment in the offices of the Lord's Day Observance Society.

Inching Along

IT has taken fourteen months for the Road Traffic Bill to make its way through



Westminster, thus just about keeping pace with the road traffic.

"The Train Hitting the Buffers . . ."

MR. HAROLD WATKINSON and Sir Brian Robertson, it is reported, are considering methods "to improve the organization of British Railways." Signs of early improvement were seen when Sir Anthony Eden's train to Manchester was a bare twenty minutes late, and by steaming into platform five only narrowly missed the reception committee waiting at platform six. Both Mr. Watkinson and Sir Brian are understood to have received a word of approval for a brave try.

Wet Bobs on the Volga

News that Russia is to have public schools has been received with pleasure but no surprise by the Conservative Party. It was bound to come after Mr. Gaitskell and the Labour Party had been so outspoken against them.

In the Clouds

VISCOUNT THURSO was making the best of a bad job when he asked that question in the House of Lords about a successor to "the splendid Comet, which flew with such astonishing success and world-wide acclaim for several months on scheduled air routes"; and in his reply the Earl of Selkirk ingeniously referred three times to "the noble Viscount." But even after all that the peers weren't entirely reassured about the state of British aviation.

Freak Peak

MEDICAL men in America are alarmed at the high public consumption of the new "tranquillity" drugs, and say that before this year is ended they will have been taken by thirty-five million people. But after all, it is an election year.

A Bit Too Pat

"We are not neutral against Communism," said Mr. Liam Cosgrave, Ireland's Minister for External Affairs



recently. There's always that difficulty with the Irish—you can never be sure who they are neutral against.

Hit and Run

To Mr. Dulles, says a writer in Foreign Affairs, the aeroplane is now "more than a convenience; it is a temptation." It's certainly both when it comes to dropping bricks.

Fair's Fair

Good progress has been made by the Race Relations Group of Fircroft College in the betterment of conditions for the coloured worker in Britain, with much-needed ventilation given to problems of "equality of opportunity at work." Now it is up to some comparable organization in Sierra Leone to take up the cudgels on behalf of two white Britons, threatened with separation from their coloured wives, because, according to a report, "the policy is to encourage jobs for Africans."

Honour Satisfied

EVERYONE jealous for British journalistic integrity approved the strong line taken by the Press Council over the Daily Sketch's intrusion into a widow's privacy. So stern were Sir Linton Andrews' men that the Sketch had no choice but to intrude into it again, securing a statement from the widow to the effect that they hadn't intruded into it in the first place.

Drunken Hush

AMERICAN acousticians who built a fibre-glass room in which a shout is practically inaudible are inevitably being flooded with requests from people training for the Autumn cocktail parties.

June Moon Note

THE musically inclined will welcome reports that the electronic composer, Datatron, has made its debut in New





York, and will turn out songs at the rate of a thousand an hour. With the human element ruled out there seems a good chance that one of them will be different.

Little Sir Echo

It was shrewd of the Prime Minister to realize that yet another warning of impending national bankruptcy needed a touch of imagery to carry it home, and he could hardly have done better than refer to a new Battle of Britain which,

this time, "cannot be won by the Few."
But it is hard to please everyone, and a
group of carpers is regretting that he
failed to carry the thing through by
working in that bit about so many never
having owed so much.

Blessing in Disguise

MR. ARTHUR J. PATZER, of the Columbia Union of Seventh Day Adventists, has attacked American television for interfering with schooling, arousing morbid emotions, glorifying crime, loosening morals, weakening eyesight, softening muscles, encouraging idleness, spreading illiteracy, causing domestic strife, popularizing a primitive language of grunts, whistles and clickés and breeding an American people "chair-bound, short-sighted and speechless." TV executives retort that it keeps them away from the movies.

Soldiering On

UNDER the joint direction of the War Office and the Medical Research Council an Army exercise designed to test the proposed new "combat" ration has just been held in the Ballynatubbrit mountains. One of the officer tests was to say this with a mouthful of biscuit.

Ceiling Whacks

NEVER a breath of disaster Had disturbed Mr. Luce or his wife; But now—this arsenical plaster— Such ill Fortune at their Time of Life.



SAINTS

T is beginning to be felt—and rightly so—that what there ought to be is more Saints.

As an example of the trend we have the Reverend Desmond Morse-Boycott, 63, of Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, who has disclosed to newspapers his plan to have the Church of England make some Saints the way some other people already do.

One is in no sense in a position to evaluate the full import of this proposal, beyond stating quite definitely and without beating about any bushes that it is either good, bad, or—in the last rigorous analysis—indifferent.

Forty-four is the number of men and women the Reverend M-B puts forward as candidates, and that, I suggest—with all deference, as the old phrase has it—is a terrifying under-estimate. It amounts nearly to defeatism. There are a great many more than forty-four people about who ought to be getting ready to be Saints. Simply glance around your place of business, your railway carriage, your highway, and you will agree.

It is necessary to stop for a moment here and ask Do people realize that as a matter of hard fact it is not all that

easy to get to be a Saint?

People like Arthur Miller and Sydney Silverman and Boyd-Rochfort and Sir Robert Boothby and Mrs. Edward Hulton and that man who came so well out of that slashing case might easily be apt to suppose that just because they do such a tremendous lot of good they are going to be canonized sooner or later, come what may.

What they have there is an illusion. Take Earl Attlee. He certainly ought to be canonized, but let not him or us imagine it's going to be all beer and skittles. And the same thing applies to John Gordon and T (for Thomas)

Assuming we are going to follow established practice—and it has worked out pretty well so far—the first thing that has to happen is that an Ordinary (in this case, I assume, the vicar of Amersham or Chalfont or wherever it be that the man lives) has to say that Earl Attlee is basically revered.

That of course is easy—and some other Ordinary will be happy to oblige Aneurin Bevan and/or the Chief Customs Officer at London Airport, a sweety-pie if ever I saw one.

Well, then comes a Commission and for a start it reads through every line the man ever wrote to see is he U-Certificate right down the line. You can't tell me they could fault Attlee on that. They couldn't, so then he would be Venerable Attlee (as in Bede).

So now we have Venerable Attlee, Venerable Lennox-Boyd, Venerable Professor Auden all set to be beatified and subsequently canonized. For there can be no canonization without a beatification.

For some the path is difficult. Not so for our candidates, who include at this reading the man from the Pru, not to mention that poet we had in mind who was going to help in the provinces. Talking of which, why shouldn't our old friend John Lehmann be a Saint too? Give him a big hand, boys.

All you really have to do—all Earl Attlee has to do for example—is to prove that he has not only been virtuous but (this is what the book says) "heroically virtuous."

No difficulty there, I rather take leave to suppose, and we can put Harold Samuel, the real estate man, in with that shining package.

Plus virtue you have to have performed some miracles. You can either do a lot of second-class miracles or a minimum of two first-class miracles. Again, Attlee forges ahead—after all, he became Prime Minister. Split two for one, I should think. Fair's fair.

Just as we were discussing this point, Mr. Macmillan came in and said "Me be Saint too."

And I have to tell you that by the time he had shown us his expansive Squeeze, which makes you richer the poorer you get, and his Plateau where pie can be grown in the sky at the touch of a master hand, we had him routed for canonization without any further questions asked.

As the man said: "Mac's a natural for Saint."

6 8

CHANCELLOR'S AXE FALLS ON CREMATORIUM."

Peterborough Standard

And when the dust had settled . . .?



"O monstrous!"

[Calls without for wage restraint.

(After Henry IV, Part I)



"Darling, I think we're going to have a little Press Conference."

Life of a Saleswoman: A PHANTASMAGORIA

Characters:

MARY LOU MUNGO ART SIR HARRY VINIVERE LEE JOE MAGGS etc., etc.

A tune is heard, played on a soprano saxophone with a medium-soft reed. It is small and cute, telling of daquiris and lobster thermidor and the ocean. The curtain rises.

We see the Saleswoman's house. Around it, in the dark, there are jagged rocks, and menacing shapes, and things that go bump in the night, but the house is firmly planted. We feel it will not blow over easily. As the lights come up we sense an atmosphere of unreality about the place, a hint of fantasy, if only because we can see through the walls into the secret places of the house. Not all of them, thank God, but plenty. People keep materializing in various rooms, and all around the house as well, and on the apron stage, and I don't know where, and sometimes it's now and sometimes it's then, and lights keep creeping up here and fading down there—but I guess we'll just have to get used to it all. You simply don't know what to expect, and that's a fact.

In the kitchen (or the living-room, if you like) MARY LOU,

the Saleswoman, is reading a great big book. She has arrived, but there was a time when she hadn't, and that was in the past. This goes for a lot of people here, but it hasn't taken so much out of her. The music changes to ill-mannered whistling noises, and fades. She closes the book and talks to herself. People are inclined to do this when their houses have transparent walls.

MARY LOU (taking off her glasses): Just about sick and tired of it, and I told him so. I had places to go, didn't I? (She moves out of the house into an office where a MAN with a green eye-shade sits painting.) I have places to go, mister. I have things to sell.

Man: I know it.

MARY LOU: You don't know all of it. I have more to sell than goes on calendars, that's what you people don't understand. So you can just turn off that radio.

Man: You'll be telling me next you're going to take up baseball.

MARY Lou: I might at that, so don't you be so smart.

Joe Maggs (running across the roof in baseball togs): Hi, babe! Look at me, I'm pitching! (He disappears. The stagehands have mattresses for him to land on, with any luck.) MARY LOU: I keep hearing voices! That was a fine, strong, capable voice. (The MAN picks up his office and goes off. She goes back into the house.) Voices, voices, all the time. Was that one in the future, I wonder, or the past? It's hard to tell around here.

ART is sitting in the kitchen, with a typewriter on his knees. He takes her hand.

ART: Well, here we are, Mary Lou.

MARY LOU (fondly): You never thought you'd make first base, did you?

ART: I had doubts. A thinking man must have his doubts.

They are the grappling-irons he throws out to anchor him to reality.

MARY LOU: I think I will read a little Milton, if it's all the same to you.

ART: Oh, it's all the same to me, Mary Lou. Have you finished selling for to-day?

MARY LOU: Yes, dear. I was late, but it was a triumph. We can have steak again for tea.

The light fades so that she can change her clothes for the next bit, which takes place D.L. in a glare of brilliance. Film people are milling about at Oxford Circus at the rush-hour. Police hold back the crowds. Traffic has been good-humouredly diverted. There are cameras, lights, technicians, still photographers, make-up men, assistant directors, and a small marquee full of press agents. Enter SIR HARRY, on a bicycle, wearing a top-hat and cloak.

SIR HARRY: This is too much! She's late again!

Cables to that effect are dispatched from the temporary cable-sending establishment on the roof of Peter Robinson's. In the kitchen ART lights a Lucky and bangs away at his typewriter.

An Assistant Director: Here she comes now, Sir Harry!

CROWD: Hurrah!

Enter Mary Lou, in a landau, with an escort of assorted Guards including Coldstreamers, Irish, and Grenadiers. The procession is led by a military band playing mood-music. The second carriage contains a stand-in for the Lord Chamberlain, several small dukes, and a man called Rotigon. The third carriage contains MISS VINIVERE LEE, knitting.

SIR HARRY (throwing down his cloak for MARY LOU to step on): How like a winter hath thine absence been!

MARY LOU (correcting him): My absence.

CROWD: Hurrah!

A NEWSPAPERWOMAN: Say something witty, Miss Mungo.

MARY LOU (without a second's thought): It ain't what you do, it's who sees you do it.

Pigeons are released from the top of the Underground Station, bearing this message to the ends of the earth in a variety of languages.

(aside to SIR HARRY): How can people be so dumb?

SIR HARRY: They have a great capacity for love. A myth is as good as a Milo.

VINIVERE leans out of her carriage and taps him with her fan. He kisses her hand. She kisses Mary Lou's hand. Mary Lou kisses Sir Harry's cheek, and VINIVERE's cheek, and a snapshot of Art. They repeat this for a press photographer who missed it the first time because of the crush, and then they break for

lunch. They get into their carriages, and the cavalcade clatters off towards the Savoy.

ART, in the living-room, has been tied up in a chair by three Investigators, who investigate him with rubber hoses and Right-wing accents.

1st Investigator: You were seen reading the *Daily Worker*.

Art (calmly): That doesn't frighten you. I was seen reading, period. That frightens you. You people don't exist, you're a comic strip. But I exist, and I'll still exist when you've beaten me to death.

2ND INVESTIGATOR: Come out from behind that Fifth Amendment. You're nothing but a dirty Liberal, and you know

Enter the STATUE OF LIBERTY.

STATUE OF LIBERTY: Easy, boys. Ominous cracks are appearing in my foundations.

3RD INVESTIGATOR: Get outa here! You're a dirty Liberal too, and what's more I think you're coloured!

1st Investigator (to Art): You'll never leave these shores, bud. We need you here, so we can pull your insides out and show Khrushchev we ain't scared.

Enter Mary Lou in a honeymoon outfit. The Investigators take their cigars out of their mouths and curtsey abjectly. Mary Lou puts an arm around Art, and his bonds fall away. She is a mother-figure, a sister-figure, a queen-figure, a vital statistic, a limited company. In the hollow of her left hand the forty-eight



"I'm all for abolition, but I could cheerfully string some people up with my own hands."

states lie hypnotized, adoring, foolish, turning on their backs to be tickled. She holds out her right hand to the Investigators, and they eat out of it. Humble pie, they eat, medium rare.

Mary Lou (walking about in a certain manner, and knowing it and despising them): Art and I are going to be married.

Chaos for a fortnight. President Isinglas recovers, and will run. (By God, he'd better, or little old Art will be tearing through the primaries like a prairie fire, and finishing up as the first White House thinker since Hoover.) Wall Street declares a public holiday. Monaco seems smaller than ever. We hear a holy tune, played on a cor anglais.

1st Investigator: Art, we made a mistake. You know how it is. Mistaken identity, unthinking zeal . . .

ART: Ah, stop your snivelling.

He puts a ring on MARY Lou's finger, and they beat it to the airport.

STATUE OF LIBERTY: I feel much better now. (She returns to her post. Her foundations have never been more solid.)

Back in the kitchen, it is now again. MARY LOU is studying Lysistrata, and ART is hearing her lines.

MARY LOU: Funny things happen, don't they, Art?

ART: That's life, Mary Lou. We'll be able to have long conversations about it.

JOE MAGGS runs across the roof again, flexing his muscles.

JOE MAGGS: I can lick any guy in the place!

In a great big room in a great big house in the country (DOWN R.) VINIVERE LEE sits in a rocking chair. She wears a coronet. The walls are lined with the cups she has presented to SIR HARRY for acting, directing, and this, that, and the other. She is knitting again. It is the future. Enter MARY LOU, carried by SIR HARRY and ART. ART's face has a few more lines. SIR HARRY's coronet is askew.

VINIVERE (fondly): You great, big, silly boys!

ART: Mary Lou has something to tell you, Vinivere,
VINIVERE: I am overjoved. Please be seated, all.

When they are seated, MARY LOU opens a jewelled bag and shyly takes out some knitting.

Well, I must say this is one for the book!

She opens all the windows. Forty-one thousand people weep with joy in the garden. Fresh coachloads arrive every minute. Hedda Hopper comes triumphantly out of a drawer in the sideboard and kisses all present. Mary Lou goes to the window and holds up the knitting. The multitude breaks into a roar of joy. The sun shines. The weekly takings rise by half a million. Art gives Sir Harry a cigar.

That's right, dear—wave it about. It ain't what you do, it's who sees you do it.

ART frowns a little, apart. We hear a plaintive tune on a flute, and the lights fade.

CURTAIN

ALEX ATKINSON



By RONALD DUNCAN

Cockney Cults

HIS is known as an ungodly age. It isn't true. It is not that we have no gods, but many strange gods. A Temple to Mithras was excavated in the City recently, but I have just dug out some queer cults all within a stone's throw of Russell Square, and all of them are current. These range from the Worshippers of the Sun to the Believers in Shri Randatta.

And you don't need a spade in Kensington to unearth the adherents of Her Highness Joan the Wad, or to discover the site of those who follow Sagittarius or maintain that universal truth can be revealed by Egyptian Sand Readings.

The sites of these modern cults differ from a Roman Temple. They are usually placed in a W.C.2 basement. Their altar is a typewriter; their font is a telephone; the high priest a determined-looking spinster who, fingering a pile of dusty pamphlets, enthuses passionately to inveigle you into her box of file numbers.

Londoners are the most gullible creatures in the world. It seems that it is impossible to think of a religion dotty enough not to take some of them in.

For instance, let us assume that your name is Henry Blogg. In that case you should abandon your present job because your true destiny lies at sea. Why? It's plain that you know nothing of the secret science of Numerology. For a fee of one guinea I will reveal the mysteries to you. Thank you.

HENRY equals 85597: 34: 7. BLOGG equals 23677: 25: 7.

59: 14 equals 5.

An analysis of such figures shows an interplay of the ciphers 7 and 5. But, sir, you have too much individuality to be a genuine 5. Your destiny lies in those tell-tale double sevens. For seven is one of the two numbers which appear to rule this maritime nation of ours. And as any Believer knows, astrologically seven is paired with Neptune, a planet closely associated with the sea. . . I'm glad I've been able to help you. No, I already gave you your change.

As for you, madam, if you will just wait a minute while I change my wand,

I'm sure I can convert you to Graphology and unravel your inmost difficulty. Just write your name here on this card. Now, from these broad vowels and firm downstrokes it is perfectly apparent that you are ruled by your heart but oppressed by your head. What should you do? Use a typewriter.

Or perhaps I could interest you in my cult of Abundant Living? Let me show you one of the unsolicited testimonials. I've thousands more, of results achieved by Students of the Thought Bricks Course (send five $2\frac{1}{2}d$. stamps for an absorbing twenty-four-page booklet on Thought Buildings).

Example No. 1. B.G. writes: I must say we have had abundance lately. Another happy thing: my husband wanted to work during the day instead of at night, and I said I would ask that it might be so, and it really came true. Lessons 1 and 2 are wonderful.

I took myself off to the recesses of Maida Vale for a session with Madame Olympia. The flat was small, the cat was large, and here was a smell of incense rising from a copper tortoise. With the date of my birth before her, this somewhat blowzy spirit foretold my past and recounted my future. With unseeing eyes she recognized a spirit guide who wished me to remember meeting her beside a lavender bush. For a guinea, Madame Olympia exercised her imagination and my credulity for forty minutes. It was worth the fee.

Not all her remarks were vague. Without hesitation she told me my profession, that I divided my time between London and the country, that I was married, that I had children, that I suffered occasionally from migraine and that I was fond of horses. I do not remember that there was straw in my hair or ink on my fingers.

But whatever these people lack in clairvoyant power they make up in inventiveness. One can only admire their ability to see a fire where there is no smoke.

If you think the Bulgars look lonely, just come along to Tavistock Square and join the Society for Friendship with Bulgaria. If the camel is your concern there's the Society for Protection of Animals in North Africa at Buckingham Gate. The Anti-Slave Society

still exists in case you haven't yet heard of Wilberforce, and the Society for Improving the Conditions of the Labouring Classes if you're unaware of, or dissatisfied with, the efforts of Transport House.

It is odd how they congregate. On the board outside one house in the Vauxhall Bridge Road I found:

The League for French Animal Welfare,

The Over Thirty Association.
The National Anti-Vaccination
League.

The Missionary Settlement for University Women.

The London Aged Christians' Society.

I discovered that all of these societies managed to maintain a tea-drinking secretary with all her cluttered ephemeral pamphlets; but it was the Society for the Relief of Small Debtors on the ground floor which aroused my interest. However, I was informed that you could not join unless you had applied by post as the Secretary, whose name they refused to give me, lived outside London and all letters were forwarded to him.

After failing to get Relief for my Debts, I hurried off to 43 Parliament Street to join the Society of the Overseas Settlement of British Women. I intended to make a large donation.



"My bicycle chain broke."

America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THIS is the time of year when reformers in America start worrying about the amateur status of college footballers, and the result of the latest probe has been that the University of California at Los Angeles—U.C.L.A. we aficionados call it—was fined fifteen thousand dollars the other day and had its teams put in quarantine for three years.

As far as a child in these matters like myself can figure it out, all the colleges on the Pacific coast have been paying their amateur athletes for decades, but where U.C.L.A. went wrong was in paying a little more and as a result always winning, which nettled the other educational establishments. Anyway, they are now out of the big gravy for three years and feeling sorry for themselves. It just shows, as Mr. Red Smith points out in the New York Herald-Tribune, what a mistake it is to coddle hired hands.

"The more the papers publish about labour conditions in college football on the Pacific coast," he writes, "the more clearly does the reader appreciate that they pay their help too much out there. The old question of defining labour's fair share in the fruits of labour is a continuing problem in college football. There is something

scandalous about a college collecting hundreds of thousands in gate receipts and paying off the help with a bowl of rice. Yet to give the players an equitable share of the profits would destroy the conception of sport as an amusement for undergraduates. It would also unbalance the budget."

Nor is this the only trouble into which the colleges have been getting of late. The New Mexico State Board of Educational Finance has had to write to the seven State-controlled colleges in New Mexico asking them to stop advertising courses which they do not teach. It misleads people, the Board thinks,

"Well, really," the colleges are saying to one another rather bitterly, "we don't seem able to do anything right."

Turning to the theatre, we find that My Fair Lady is not only playing to a steady \$65,000 a week but its sponsors have rejected with a good deal of scorn an offer of a million for the picture rights and expect to make five million out of the song album, so all in all the management and authors are plainly on a good thing and will no doubt push it along. The dark side of the picture is that this impressive success has spread panic and consternation among those who write New York musicals, for it is obvious to them that there has been one of those shifts in the party line which are always so disturbing.

Up till now everything was fine. If you wanted to do a musical you just hunted around for an atmosphere with lots of squalor and a story with one or more death scenes in it, added a few songs, and you were set. But now, it seems, the public wants that oldfashioned glamour again. A picture has just been released, the setting of which is "a shabby town with dirt streets and rotting houses. The air is hot and stifling. Flies buzz around the food, huge beetles scurry across the floor, and sweaty men in three-day beards hang over the bar and drink rum in gloomy silence." Until My Fair Lady came along and spoiled everything, that would have been the perfect set-up for a modern musical.

A novel idea has suggested itself to the impresario of a recent revue which got a uniformly bad press. He has advised his attorneys to file an immediate damage suit against each critic and each critic's employer "to cover the costs of their undisciplined and unwarranted remarks." In particular, no doubt, the one who said "The only good thing about this show was that it was raining and the theatre didn't leak." This, one feels, would come under the head of that "Slanderous volley of humourless witticisms that defies the most vivid imagination" to which the impresario alludes.

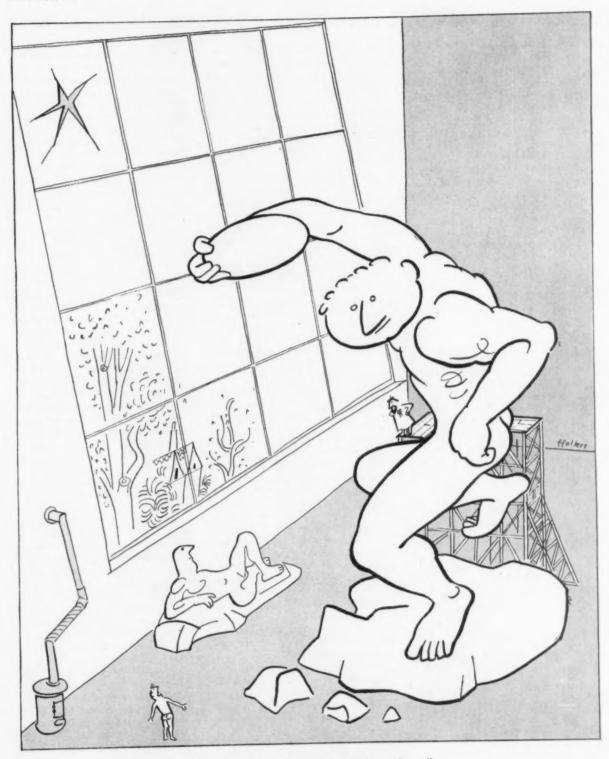
The case, when it comes to court, will no doubt be closely watched by the New Orleans boxer, Willie Pastrano, of whom, reporting his latest fight, Mr. Caswell Adams of the N.Y. Journal-American said that he flittered and fluttered as if he was performing in a room full of wasps. "The only thing bad so far about the Louisiana Purchase in 1803," adds Mr. Caswell, "was that we eventually got Willie Pastrano."

Well, you will all be wanting to hear, no doubt, how the big Championship for Talking Birds is coming out. It should be, I think, a gift for the parrot which whistles six popular tunes, for its principal rival, another parrot, has just been thrown out on its neck for using improper language, and not only in English but in six other tongues. The judges said they might have overlooked a little free speaking in English, but when the feathered friend kept switching from that to French and from French to German, Italian, Swedish, Dutch and Swahili and getting nearer and nearer the knuckle all the time, they felt constrained to blow the whistle. The bird was led out by its friends and well-wishers, saying the most awful things in a high and carrying voice all the way to its dressing-room.

Finally, though it is perhaps scarcely worth mentioning, a citizen of Sparta, Wisconsin, was in a bar the other day, chatting with the bartender, and he happened to observe how seldom it was nowadays that one heard a drinker, before drinking, utter the friendly word "Skoal!" "Cheers," maybe, or "Mud in your eye," but never "Skoal!" The barman said he was right. It had often rather saddened him, he said.

"No," he sighed, "not many gentlemen of the old skoal left these days."





"I'm sorry but I just couldn't hold it any longer."

Unreported Speeches: "Sleepers, Awake!"

AT about 4.0 a.m., during the third all-night-sitting on the Finance Bill, Sir Stephen Vole (Con.) caught the eye of Sir Merlin Rote, Chairman of Ways and Means. There is a brief report of Sir Stephen's speech in the Official Report, but excisions were made. We have done our best to reconstruct the whole affair:

SIR STEPHEN VOLE: Sir Merlin, this is a jolly New Clause, a fragrant Clause, a Clause that if accepted will lend a touch of distinction to an odious Bill: and I am going to vote for it, whatever the Whips say. And, by the way, I don't want any dirty looks from baby Whips and sucking Chancellors on the Treasury Bench. [HON. MEMBERS: "Order."] What's the matter? The Financial Secretary thinks he'll be Chancellor one day; so does his colleague, and perhaps they will: so sucking Chancellors is not only an imaginative but an accurate expression. Sir Merlin, I will be frank with you. I will not conceal from you that I am slightly under the influence. THE CHAIRMAN: If the hon. Member is not himself he had better withdraw. SIR STEPHEN VOLE: Thank you, sir, for your consideration, but I am more myself than usual. I never felt better, sir: and as the night wears on it will

be plain to the Committee that my

mind is working with unusual clarity

under the blessed influence of wine I have thrown off the degrading inhibitions by which every Member of this House is shackled and confined. There was a time, sir, when I thought I wanted office, so I behaved myself—

THE CHAIRMAN: The hon, Member must continue to behave himself.

SIR STEPHEN VOLE: I shall, sir, oh, I shall. But I have long put away all thought of office—I am too careful of the company I keep. I am not going to stand at the next Election.

THE CHAIRMAN: The hon. Member must address himself to the merits of the Clause.*

SIR STEPHEN VOLE: In considering the egg, sir, it is seldom wise to ignore the history of the hen. For the third time, through the brutality and bungling of Her Majesty's Ministers, we have been compelled to debate all night the dreary details of this incomprehensible Bill. Did I say "debate"? I withdraw. In every corner of this historic building, sir, if you were free to take a walk, you might stumble upon the forms of honourable Members painfully asleep in chairs and corridors, even, sir, in certain parts of this very Chamber. Judging by the noise, sir, there is one such Member on my starboard hand-Hey, Cocky! [Mr. GREVILLE COCK (CON.) Leckhurst] wake up! I can't hear myself speak.

THE CHAIRMAN: The hon. Member gust address himself to the Chair.

SIR STEPHEN VOLE: I hoped, sir, that on that subject it might not be necessary. On the Treasury Bench, sir, there sit, or rather lie on the backs of their necks, a few junior Ministers, awake, it is true, but with their legs at stretch and their presumptuous feet on the Table at which Pitt and Gladstone, Lloyd George and Churchill spoke. Sir, what a squalid scene! Do you wonder, sir, that some free spirits decline to play any part, asleep or awake, in these unworthy proceedings, but await the next Division bell with a glass of wine elsewhere?

THE CHAIRMAN: Unless the hon.

Member has any comments to make
upon the Clause before the Committee——

SIR STEPHEN VOLE: But, sir, I have. I told you, I'm going to vote for it: and now I'll tell the Committee why. I won't worry you, sir, about the details of the Clause. I could, if you insist, make an ace oration about them: but night's candles are burnt out, Mr. Chairman, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. You will see the point at once. Besides, we all know all about the merits. This House has been debating them for forty years. More than six months ago more than half this honourable House made up their minds on the subject of this Clause. Three hundred and fifty of us put our names to a Motion on the Order Paper, and that, sir, is something to shout about. How difficult it is to get the chaps to sign anything in sufficient numbers! They think there's a catch in it: they're terrified of the Whips or the Catholics or the Iews. If a man put down to-morrow a resolution "That in the opinion of this House the Earth is not flat" I doubt if he'd get more than ten fellows to sign it-a dozen, perhaps. They'd think it was a trap, sir. They'd say "Personally, I'm with you, old boy, but I believe there is another school of thought," and so on. So when you get three hundred and fifty legislators freely signing on the same dotted line, it's the top wonder of the world, and you'd think that all concerned would sit up and take notice.

Sir Merlin, Her Especially, Majesty's Treasury. For this, we keep saying, is "the Sovereign Parliament." No one, I think, sir, has ever spoken of "the Sovereign Ministers." Heaven forbid! What, sir, is the constitutional picture to-night? Why are we sitting, or sleeping, here, in Committee on the Finance Bill? The Sovereign, through the Ministers she has appointed, has asked the faithful Commons for "supply"that is, for money. The Ministers, as is their privilege, have proposed that the money be raised by the



*A new Clause providing for the termination of Entertainments Duty on the living theatre.

imposition of certain taxes on the people. We private Members, by a wholesome rule, may not propose a new tax or the increase of an old one: but we may refuse to sanction, or insist upon reducing, any tax which the Crown, through its besotted-I beg your pardon, sir-mistaken Ministers, has asked us to approve. This, in effect, sir, was what was done by the three hundred and fifty Members many months ago. We said, sir, we the Sovereign Parliament, we the bosses in the last event, "We will vote the money required by the Crown: but there is one particular tax, a tiny one, which we will approve no more.' Sir Merlin, how much practical attention has been given to that pronouncement? None at all. They have maintained the tax. In this new Clause we return, indignant, to the charge. But of course at this stage, as they cunningly calculated, all honest men are thrown into confusion by the party system, and by the old and absurd tradition that Ministers cannot accept a defeat upon the Finance Bill. "No decent chap," it is said, "would defeat the Government on this Bill." To my mind there could be no more proper occasion: for money is the biggest matter, and it must be clear to all men of sense that our money is being managed by madmen. If the Ministers are afraid they can arrange for a free vote, and survive. Better still, they can give way. If, still defiant, they are defeated they can do the childish thing and "go to the country." Then, if they are as good as they think, they will presumably be returned.

And so, Sir Merlin, when I sit down, I shall go from one honourable body to another, crying "Sleepers, awake—and vote against the Government." This may well be the last speech I shall deliver in this place, but I at least have enjoyed it. [An Hon. Member: "You're tight."] Yes, sir, in the sense that a ship is said to be tight, in the sense that a poet said that ours was "a tight little island"—sound and strong. I wish the Ministers were tight as well. Sleepers, awake!

THE CHAIRMAN: The hon. Member will resume his seat.

After further debate the Clause was accepted by the Government.

A. P. H

Striking His Colours



Sir George Barnes: B.B.C. Talks Department, 1935; Director of Talks, 1941; Head of Third Programme, 1946; Director of the Spoken Word, 1948; Director of Television, 1950. Resigned to become Principal of North Staffordshire University College, 1956.

WITH heavy heart I left the age of steam,
All my accumulated lore discarding.

Now I must serve the avid eyes that gleam
At Lady Barnett and at Gilbert Harding.

From six long years I pull this gem of knowledge:
A wise man's voice is fairer than his face.

And so, installed within my red-brick college,
I sink from public life without a trace.

B. A. Y.

Distant Prospect

By R. G. G. PRICE

BVIOUSLY nothing known at second-hand can be completely known but yet some agency in the mind, disliking lacunæ and being more concerned with completeness than with accuracy, insists on presenting us with what seems to be knowledge in the round. A few casual details picked up from Memoirs, half a newspaper article, an overheard conversation are enough. There stands the result, a picture that may be odd but is complete. My own conception of other men's education, for instance, is very clear. It is not my business to inquire how on earth they learned anything at the institutions I see so vividly. These form part of the décor of my mind. They are part of the raw material of error: and error is the raw material of history.

ETON

This is not a school in the ordinary sense at all. The boys have done all the things that boys have to do before they ever arrive. The curriculum is limited to writing Latin verse very early in the morning, reading widely in contemporary Italian, learning to write in a Renaissance hand and answering frivolous theological questions left about on windowsills at week-ends. There are no class-rooms. Masters, when not abroad climbing or acting as Honorary Attachés at Embassies or seeking preferment in foreign spas, hang about waiting for invitations from their pupils, apart from a few who are heavily landed and use their pupils to keep up the numbers of their private Hunts.

There is endless spare-time and everybody is very well read. There is a complex social life, centering on formal dinner-parties and elaborate snacks between meals. Games are strenuous. Wet bobs row standing up. Dry and other bobs play a rather rough game against a wall in which the method of scoring has long been forgotten. A good deal of leisure is absorbed by reading books on Eton by resident Old Etonians.

The other great leisure activity is beating. The Prefects eat in a Library and beat most boys most days. The Headmaster birches. Far above the Headmaster come "Pop," a co-optative body of bucks who wear fast waistcoats and beat everybody, except the Headmaster, with small embossed poles. Boys who have had two or three dozen strokes with various instruments in the course of the day remain disdainful, very scholarly, exquisite and imperturbable, even when entertained by the Provost, a Chairman of the Governors who lives on the premises and is something like a lay Dean, something like a Viceroy and something like a Fallen Statesman. Eton is in close touch with Windsor, Westminster, Throgmorton Street and the Left Bank.

SANDHURST

The furniture is made of balsa wood and easily destroyed after dinner. Future Guards Officers are only slightly at Sandhurst; the full weight of the training descends only on candidates for the kind of regiment that gets loaned to sheiks. The chief subjects of instruction are trigonometry and the American Civil War. The chief subjects of conversation are Ballet, Ballerinas and Ouspensky. Social life is full-blooded. Mistakes in map-reading are the more venial the larger the scale, and money is an awful problem.

CAMBRIDGE

It has one view, a rather short one, called The Backs. It is good at Minor Elizabethan Dramatists and Revues but less good at Shakespeare. It is run by the cleverly interconnected families of Wedgwood, Darwin, Huxley and Strachey, providing a link between the Clapham Sect and Bloomsbury. Its intellectual life is based on Physics, Protestantism and Purpose. Cambridge is worthier than Oxford but less entertaining.

REDBRICK

Success in Finals is due partly to getting a hold on Aldermen, partly to memorizing notes dictated by the examiners in lectures. The tepid teacups of the Students' Union have lipsticked cigarettes stubbed out in them and the more scholarly books in the Library have funny faces scribbled in the margins. Every stove is old but giant corporations jockey to get their offers of vast electronic equipment accepted. Girls jilt beer-drinking guitar players for snaky lecturers. appointments to the professorial staff are decided partly in the Athenæum and partly in the civic Trades Club. It is always Sunday afternoon.

THE SORBONNE

The curriculum is quite extraordinary. It includes things like The Philosophy of Numbers, Roman Ethics, and The Greatness of France. However, this does not matter as all the students who study at all are over at the Beaux Arts learning their way about nudes.

The rest sit sixteen hours a day in cafés, drinking but never paying. Once a month they eat and gain sufficient strength to heave up the lightly laid paying-stones and call the police



"Assassins." Occasionally the students surge into the building from the Boul' Mich' to complain that one of the professors is not getting a fair deal. The students come from all over the world. The Americans pose as being as poor as the Ruthenians, who live twenty to a room, singing homesick songs, playing chess without a board—it has been chopped up for firewood—and improvising metaphysics. The students are disillusioned and chilly except in the spring, when they all fall in love with their mistresses.

HARVARD-YALE

Each year the class votes for the man most likely to succeed, cagily picking the children of multi-millionaires. Social life is organized round replicas of London Clubs called Fraternities and rather dully named after the Greek alphabet. Nobody who has not had six generations of ancestors paid-up members of the Fraternity is likely to escape neurosis caused by not having them. The Annual Ball, or Prom, is a fertility rite conducted in conjunction with Vassar. The academic staff are usually on sabbatical leave-calling on English professors during working hours, or busy in Reno. The Library is a replica of Salisbury Cathedral and includes the complete manuscript output of eighteenth-century Grub-Street. pour out benefactions so profusely that there are overspill laboratories, football teams and campuses throughout New England. You can get a Doctorate in things that English Universities would not even hint at.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES

My picture of these is a bit partial; but I see them as rather hearty and always conducting long-term sweep-stakes on which of the students will get a mitre first. There is a good deal of rather hectic broadmindedness and the Vice-Principal is always on the point of blowing one of the less essential Books of the Old Testament sky-high. There is rather a carpe diem atmosphere but the food is not up to much.

NURSERY SCHOOLS

Amid bright, plastic bowls and jingling tunes, children who have been bent one way at home are lovingly bent another.



"... whether in view of reports that Miss Diana Dors contemplates settling in America the Prime Minister intends to take steps to freeze Miss Marilyn Monroe in this country?"

Fierce Light that Beats

I T was not the best week for King Feisal
To secure a good Press for Irak:
When a visiting Marilyn
Rolls out the barrel in
Terms that reporters need columns to carol in—
Kings get left out in the dark.

It was hardly the happiest timing,
Though the trumpets sang out at Guildhall:
When popular shockers
Like Comers and Dockers
Produce such a volley of shots from their lockers—
A king gets no look-in at all.

It was clearly a clumsy arrangement,
No wonder he didn't remain:
Our chaps if they're wise'll
Conciliate Feisal
Before he has time to devise a reprisal—
By hotting up cousin Hussein.
J. B. BOOTHROYD



HE band played, not under the trees, not by water or at a parade end, but in Paddington station. I came up out of the Tube, and there

it was blaring away cheerfully in a diffused glory: Heaven itself—or at least the English persuasion of it—will be gladdened by trombones and cornets.

Angelically, then as now, will rebound the strains of "In a Monastery Garden." Humoresques and polkas will start the heads nodding, the feet tapping. Colonel Bogey can't be far off, or William Tell with an apple on his head and a lyric in his heart. "Sea Fever," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and various peanut vendors and animal serenaders will be rounded up (shall we suppose?) by a well-loved "Ave Maria." The "Air on the G String" will have won an

eternity of wind. We have a sweet tooth, if stomachs of brass.

As I say, it was Sunday morning. So I sat on one of those surrounding benches that usually cheer the onlooker with no more than a prospect of hurrying or dragging figures among the timetable boards: a favourite resting place for those with the hours to spend, overladen soldiers on the way from Skye to Penzance, old pensioners with old newspapers, lolling infants, feathered tramps, furred ladies, the dog despondent, and the cat in the basket. Wherever one waits, others will join, from a sort of mourning instinct. But now the newspaper was laid aside, the attention fixed. That Reverberation in the Ear that delights to inform us nasally of Furse Platt Halt, Cookham and Bourne End was silent. Trains were few. An old engine stood just beyond the barrier,

steaming pensively. Children skipped, and were slapped. Porters developed an operatic walk. All those customary gasps, shrieks, shuffles, and whistles given a swimming-bath echo were banished by the scurry of notes and undoing of chords in the smoky skylights. Music soothed the savage breasts of us who had elected, for whatever reason, to *stir abroad on a Sunday morning.

I was myself a traveller, though not in the big way. My journey merely stretched from Victoria to Regent's Park. To accomplish this I might have waited for a No. 2 bus in the Vauxhall Bridge Road; but on a Sunday morning it is one of those roads where one may too readily abandon hope. So I chose the Underground. This meant only the single change at Paddington. And Paddington claimed me, with music.



The "Merry Widow Waltz" rapt me away to childhood and visits to my grandfather who lived outside Bristol. The trains of those days were green, and fast; the fields spun round; we cut a lightning furrow through stations, popped out of tunnels; and there in a buttercup meadow would be a more than lifesize advertisement of painters carrying a ladder. Less than two hours would bring me to Temple Meads, where a carriage might be waiting to take me at a pace suiting quiet streets and country lanes. How I loved the dangle of the whip, an uncombed horse, chin on gate, watching ours trot by!

To Paddington, much later, I would go for the Oxford trains. These too were rather quicker than to-day's service, and at the other end serio-comic hansoms would be on the look-out for fresh Verdant Greenes. Then, except for stray journeys to the West or the Thames valley, this connection ceased. Paddington, under British Railways, was no different from any other station.

But the band was a pretty idea. The dream waltz was ending, and I noticed the B.R. caps a little grander than usual (perhaps they are awarded?), matched in some cases by full uniform. There were ladies too, rakishly capped, with a bulge of mackintosh below; a bulge of cheek too, for here they don't hesitate to lift the trumpet and extend the trombone. Somehow it suits them, and explains the shapes of certain porteresses, whose function had hitherto seemed mysterious.

With the dying fall of "The Merry Widow" a clock caught my eye: I got up and made my way past the platform ends to that cobbled space where taxis drive in, and walked up a long incline to the bridge that spans the further or outgoing end of the platforms. Two inspectors in a clipping box looked at me in surprise when I asked "Regent's Park?" and then exclaimed together "Platform 18."

This turned out to be the most outlying platform of all, quite without promise, but there was a dark long train at another platform and descending stairs I found a guard walking along and staring into the carriages.

"Regent's Park?" I asked.

"Ah," said he, "you want platform fifteen. But the train will probably come in on fourteen."

"Thank you," I said, taking the

distinction; and so up to the covered bridge again and down stairs.

Here, outside the station proper, were even people waiting. A nun sitting on a backless seat had the look of nuns in Spanish railway stations who have been sitting since the night before. Three merchant sailors were larking listlessly with a chocolate machine. A young woman in a shelter clutched a baby spotlessly swathed in these black surroundings. One despondent man drooped by another. And a restless youth wearing a small corduroy cap couldn't help disappearing at intervals along the bend of the platform to see what could be happening round the

Sometimes our hopes would be raised by a clang of signals, invisible shrieks nearing, wheels coming down to a shuffle. But these approaches were deflected long before they could reach us.

Then a Voice—the voice not of British Railways but of London Transport—remarked loudly but confidentially that the train now approaching platform fourteen would serve all stations to Barking. We moved over. We waited.

"Not much of a service," said the first droop.

"Uncertain."

"Might be worse."

"Sunday."

Then the exploring youth came hurrying back, and not long afterwards the Metropolitan train snaked in.

I did not, as a matter of fact, get out at Regent's Park. The impulse towards trees or early cricket or whatever it had been, had died down. Besides, in the occasional twilights of this semi-underground it seemed now to be raining. I had got caught up in a dark railway world. Euston Square, King's Cross and St. Pancras, Farringdon. Here I made a desperate effort and got out. There was a murderous climb up stairs which would never, one realized, be moving. It wasn't much lighter in the street than below.

And it was raining. In the skeleton goods yard across the road water dripped from rusty girders into black pools: what Hitler began, British Railways had finished. A lively old man was shouting his newspapers to the passing wind. There seemed nothing for it but to buy one—the dirtiest looking—and pray for a pub to open.

G. W. STONIER

How I Nearly Became an M.P.

By ANTHONY CARSON

COME years ago I wrote for a magazine which no longer exists. I wrote about travel agencies and folk-dancing and they even sent me to Sicily in an aeroplane to look for Giuliano. I also covered a Beauty Competition. One day I was sitting in the office, sniffing around for money, when the Features Editor called me in. "Listen," he said, after a slight bark, "what about politics?" "What about politics?" I repeated. "I mean for you," he said, flashing his spectacles at me like a doctor. "I don't know anything about politics," I said. In fact I hardly knew anything about anything. Machines or women or cricket or economy. I could speak bad French and play the castanets. "That's just the point," said the Features Editor. "Ignorance can be rather beautiful. You approach the whole problem with freshness. Disarming. Like a sort of Primitive. Sit down." I sat down, and he handed me a pamphlet. "Now then," he continued, "there's a General Election coming on and we propose sending you to Reading to test the atmosphere. Reading is a sort of electoral barometer, because every kind of Englishman is

supposed to live there—people who make biscuits and bicycles, and students and retired colonels and grocers and burglars. Does it interest you?" I pondered the idea of Reading. All I really wanted was to fly back to Sicily, but that was obviously out of the question. "There will be beer money," said the Features Editor, fingering some pound notes.

I took the train to Reading, and wandered about the streets for a time, thinking how alike all English towns are with chemists, tea-rooms, cats in windows, and armies of prams. Then I entered a few public houses, partly to effect an emotional short-cut into the General Election complex, partly to quench my thirst, and partly to summon up enough courage to face the different Party Headquarters. I began with Labour. Their headquarters were in a Working Men's Institute, and were as solid as treacle pudding, with billiards and darts and shirtsleeves and sturdy bewildered pipes. "It's going to be a stiff fight," said an official, puffing honestly at me and handing me a pint. "Why stiff?" I asked. "Because they don't play fair," said the official. "They

don't care about truth, and they hit under the belt. It's easy to talk about bacon and fish and all that sort of thing, and merely pull wool over people's eves. You see, people don't think." He handed me another pint. I could see he was a nice man who wouldn't weave spells with bacon and fish. "You say 'they,'" I said. "Are you including the Liberals?" He suddenly looked at me with astonishment and spluttered into his beer. "What?" he cried. "The Liberals," I repeated. I felt I had used a filthy word. "But they're hopeless," he cried. "Forget about them. They're like lemonade at the vicarage. Like a tov pistol. Don't you know there's a war on? Mind you, I've nothing against them. The Liberal tradition is enormously important. In fact all of us here would be Liberals if it wasn't for the Tories "

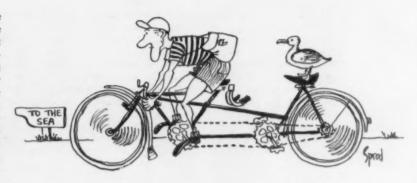
My next call was at the Conservative Party Headquarters. The agent was a youngish man who made me think, somehow, of Bulldog Drummond. His room was full of maps and diagrams and flags and memoranda. "It's going to be a fight," he said, "but we'll win." He looked supremely confident, bouncing



and fit. "We know their tricks," he continued. "I've studied them some time. A foxy lot, dodgy as hell, but we'll thrash them." I had the impression, here in this room, that I was with some sort of District Commissioner far in the depths of Africa. Outside were the natives waving spears. "What about the Liberals?" I asked the Commissioner. "Liberals," he cried with a shout, "forget all about them, my friend. Mere fly-paper. Leaking hotwater bottles. Ineffectual vote-splitters. Mind you, I've nothing against them. The Liberal concept is magnificent. In fact we'd be Liberals ourselves if it wasn't for that Labour crowd.'

After another drink I went to look for the Liberal candidate, a Mr. Fletcher. For some reason he was in a printing house. He was a young man with a moustache and a background of subdued laughter. "This is really a Liberal town," said Fletcher, "and I don't see why I shouldn't have a shot at it. Do you?" "No," I said. "What are your political views?" he asked. "I don't know," I said, "but I feel Liberal." "I see," he said. Liberal, after all, was a wonderful portmanteau word into which you could cram love, wines, guilt, and loans. "Come and stay a few days at my house in the country," he said, "and then you can watch the electoral machinery at work."

I stayed at his house, which was charming, and met his father. His father was a man glued to his library, except when he stood at the open window listening to the birds. On the



first morning, after breakfast, he took me aside and begged me to try to influence his son against entering politics. "So extremely vulgar," he said, "like the theatre." I promised I would try, but obviously young Fletcher was an idealist like his father, only much more flippant. We drove into Reading and had a loud-speaker fixed above the car. "The electrician is a keen Liberal," said Fletcher, introducing me to a young thin man with keen Liberal eyes. We sat in the car inventing speeches, and the absurdity of election time suddenly gripped us. "What have you to gain from a Conservative victory?" said Fletcher in a vote-catching voice, addressing an imaginary audience. "People of Reading, consider this question carefully. You have nothing to gain but your chains, misery, despair, starvation and the workhouse. People of Reading, shut your ears to their fine promises which cover nothing less than a deliberate return to the Dark Ages. Save your women and children-and

the aged. Vote Liberal." "People of Reading," I cried, "what awaits you if Labour triumphs? This beautiful city will be ruled by a gang of upstart biscuit mixers and bicycle bevellers. Your churches will be razed to the ground, your libraries pillaged, your daughters raped. Blood will run in the gutters." "For God's sake!" hissed a voice at the car window. It was the electrician, white as a frenzied monk. "The loud-speaker's on. Full strength. We were testing. There's a huge crowd at the street corner." He looked at Fletcher with miserable astonishment, like a devoted pupil who finds his master standing on his head. We turned around and saw the crowd. seemed to be moving towards us, and I suddenly understood about election fever. Apart from stock jokes, it couldn't be tampered with. Hurriedly we drove off.

"That was quite a good speech," said Fletcher, slowing down a bit. "Would you like to stand for a constituency?"

Doctor in the Soup

EARLIER this year I received among my morning batch of circulars from the drug manufacturers a bleak communication headed MEDICAL DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE

WARNING NOTICE

I supposed at first that I had been spotted in some moment of unprofessional behaviour (I have many), but investigation showed that it was issued only for ethical guidance and presumably sent to everyone on the Register, including Somerset Maugham, Charles Hill, and Lady Barnett.

It is difficult to find what advice the Notice offers, because the whole document is written in semi-legal English which is cautious to the point of unintelligibility. It certainly gives away nothing about the body from which it originates, the General Medical Council. This is an institution of which every member of the British public has heard, generally wrongly. It is an official board, partly appointed by the Government and partly elected by the doctors. It is nothing to do with the British Medical Association, except that the B.M.A.

By RICHARD GORDON

bombards the profession with circulars to vote for its own list of candidates immediately before each election.

The General Medical Council discharges several prosaic duties like supervising medical education and issuing the *British Pharmacopæia*. But its best known branch is the Disciplinary Committee, with its entertaining ability to strike doctors off the *Register*.

It is really very easy to get struck off. The Warning Notice lists seven different ways, from association with osteopaths to selling poisons over the counter, adding characteristically that these certainly don't plumb the depths of medical misdemeanour. The simplest method is to forget to tell the Council of your change of address. They send you letters now and then, presumably to see if you're still alive, and if you don't reply they assume you aren't.

Almost as easy is signing any form of certificate. A doctor's signature is the commonest key to the treasure house of the Welfare State—the Notice lists fourteen Acts of Parliament demanding it—and waiting rooms are full of people wanting certificates for anything from getting the youngest off an afternoon's school to getting the oldest off his National Service. The harassed practitioner has only to scribble his name on an order for extra milk under the impression that it is an application for surgical boots and he might as well start unscrewing his plate.

It is more difficult to find your name erased for advertising. No specialist would ever think of circularizing the

profession with a card saying DR. BLOGGS BUCKS YOU UP—ESPECIALLY IF YOU'VE GOT BRONCHITIS. That would not be the thing at all. He would instead write to the medical press reporting his remarkable success in a series of two thousand cases of bronchitis. supposing Dr. Bloggs is signed up for television, to explain to viewers that they've really got bronchitis when they think it's only a nasty cough? Why, he'd be on the air with a built-in commercial! The prospect caused quite a flutter in the B.M.A. Ethical Committee recently, and many ingenious ways were suggested for giving the public their fireside, morbid anatomy while preventing the lecturer becoming the Gilbert Harding of Harley Street. The fellow could be faded out, or put behind a screen, or under a white hood like a hangman's. I don't know what was decided in the end, but most doctors look so creepy on television that the greatest risk is probably scaring away their own patients.

Finally, the most difficult way to be struck off-making love to your patients. The poor doctors who every few months are forced to parade through the newspapers always have my sincerest sympathy. But since the Committee's last session we've at least the comfort of knowing that we can leap into bed with any presentable woman on our National Health Service list as long as we're careful to get our partner actually to prescribe her bottle of cough mixture. The guiding principle is "You must not make a patient into a mistress, but there is nothing to prevent your making a mistress into a patient." This should be cut in the stone over medical school doorways instead of "The Art is Long." It would be more useful and much less depressing.

6 6

Our Dumb Friends

"A leather armchair is to be presented at this year's London Dairy Show for the best dehorned animal in the show." East Anglian Daily Times





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Think First

By A. H. BARTON

AT the Naval Staff College, Greenwich, they teach an intellectual process known as the Appreciation. They explain that before you do anything you must first appreciate the situation, in thirty to sixty short numbered paragraphs, so as to be sure that you do the right thing. They require you to start with a blank but open mind and to fill this mind gradually in an approved sequence, using the headings listed in the handbook provided. Only then may you decide what to do.

As an intellectual exercise this is fine, but it has an inhibiting effect upon the daily life of those who have passed through the college. The problem I encountered at Euston Station recently will serve as illustration:

AN APPRECIATION OF THE SITUATION RESULTING FROM THE DISCOVERY THAT

MY FREE RAILWAY WARRANT REQUIRES ENDORSEMENT.

REVIEW OF THE SITUATION

1. I am in Euston Station, seated in the telegraph office, writing on the backs of telegraph forms. The time is 1600. I have a reserved seat on the Shamrock Express, leaving at 1655 for Liverpool. I have a reserved berth in the s.s. Leinster, leaving Liverpool for Dublin at 2200.

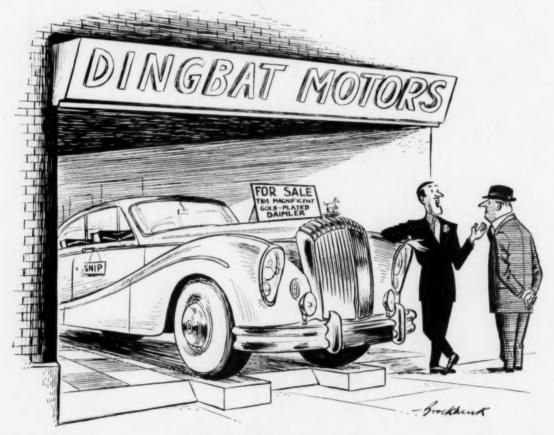
2. At 1555 I presented my free railway warrant to the booking office. I was told that it was valid only for travel via Holyhead and Dun Laoghaire unless the Railway Transport Office would agree to endorse it "via Liverpool."

A state of limited war may now be said to exist between myself and the Railway Transport Office. FACTORS AFFECTING THE SELECTION OF

My Mother

4. At 0730 to-morrow my mother, who has always come from Ireland, will meet in Dublin the boat from Liverpool. She will be sitting on a porter barrel, the shawl round her head pinned to her breast by a great harp of a gold brooch with the words "Somebody's Mother" picked out on it in emeralds. If she finds I am not in the boat she is likely to keen. And if at 1000 she arrives home breakfastless to find me already there, having come up from the Holyhead boat's berth down at Dun Laoghaire, she is likely to stop keening and to batter the daylights out of me with her shillelagh with its leprechaun's-head

5. Deduction. It would be better to travel via Liverpool.



" And only one previous owner, sir!"

Morale

- If I travel via Holyhead I am likely to find neither seat on the train nor berth in the boat.
- 7. The boat leaves Holyhead in the small hours.
- 8. Deduction. If I were to travel via Holyhead, my morale would become unspeakably low.

THE AIM

To travel to Dublin via Liverpool to-night.

FACTORS AFFECTING THE ATTAINMENT OF THE AIM

Money

- .10. The cost of travel to Dublin is greater than the amount of money I have with me.
- 11. Deduction. I cannot attain my aim unless I use my free railway warrant.

Time

- 12. It has been established that the time is 1600, and that the train leaves here at 1655. It is five minutes' walk from here to the Railway Transport Office and seven minutes' walk from there to No. 14 platform where the Shamrock Express is already embarking priests with golf-clubs and paper-back thrillers.
- 13. Comment. I could spend forty minutes wrangling with the Railway Transport Office and still catch the train; I would even have time to buy French Leave for reading in the train and presentation, almost mint, to my mother. When I need it again I can always borrow it from her.
- 14. Deduction. There is a flaw here somewhere, but I must keep on writing.

Comparison of Forces

- 15. Enemy Forces. The Railway Transport office is manned by one naval petty officer, one Army sergeant and one R.A.F. sergeant. They are entrenched and well armed with regulations. Available for their support is the powerful naval master-at-arms at Waterloo Station.
 - 16. Own Forces. I am a Commander.
- 17. Deduction. In the open I could defeat all three. But inside the transport office, well armed and supported, they are a match for me.



Intelligence

- 18. If my memory serves me right, which is doubtful, I am an old shipmate of the master-at-arms at Waterloo Station.
- 19. Deduction. If this is so, everything will be okey-dokey.

COURSES OF ACTION OPEN TO THE ENEMY

- 20. Course A. To fill the transport office with National Servicemen and their kitbags, so that I cannot get through the door.
- 21. Comment. A likely course, but by itself unlikely to prevent me from achieving my aim.
- 22. Course B. To send the naval petty officer away for his tea one minute before I arrive.
- 23. Comment. A likely course. This would enable the Army and R.A.F. sergeants to say, as one sergeant, that as I am in the Navy they are powerless to act until the petty officer returns.
- 24. Course C. To explain to me patiently that there is plenty of time for me to get to King's Cross and catch the Irish Mail which leaves for Holyhead at 1930.
- 25. Comment. A likely course, but dangerous only if I allow myself to waste time explaining in a high voice that the fare via Liverpool is about the same as the fare via Holyhead, that I have been proceeding on leave to Ireland for twenty years and that never before, etc.

ENEMY'S MOST PROBABLE COURSE OF ACTION

- 26. Since any one possible course is not by itself certain to thwart me, the enemy is likely to adopt a combination of all three courses.
 - MY POSSIBLE COURSES OF ACTION
- 27. Course Y. To forge endorsement of the warrant.
 - 28. Advantages:
 - (a) I would not have to visit the transport office at all;
 - (b) If the forgery were effective I would catch the train with ease and thus achieve my aim.
 - 29. Disadvantage: Not cricket.
- 30. Course Z. To proceed to the transport office and there to ask that my railway warrant be endorsed "via Liverpool."

MY PROPOSED COURSE OF ACTION

31. The disadvantage of Course Y is considered to outweigh its advantages. This leaves me with Course Z, and this is the course that I propose to adopt.

* * * * *

I picked up the sheaf of telegraph forms and read through my appreciation. It seemed flawless. Flawless? A doubt struck me. I turned back to paragraphs 12 to 14 and re-read them with attention. The sound of a train leaving the station reached me. I looked at my watch. The time was 1656.



T last a political issue has been found. A drunk in Caerphilly was told to say "Sir Frank Soskice," and on failing to do so was fined £20. From now onwards it is not to be expected that any responsible drunk will ever give his support to a tongue-twisting candidate, and the future lies clearly with such statesmen as Mr. George Brown and Mr. Jack Jones. Even in the House of Commons itself there are not dissimilar problems. In the fishing debate the House was in genial mood. The fishing fleet, said Mr. Heathcoat Amory, should stand on its own legs (laughter) or float on its own bottom (renewed laughter). Mr. Duthie talked about the financial problems of "inshore fishing," but there were some so confused that they thought he was saying that they should "insure fishing." In the same spirit a literary man once heard a speech in favour of the Indore system of manure and thought it was rather disgusting.

Meanwhile, complains Mr. Chetwynd, there is a monopoly ring which keeps up the price of cricket-balls to 50s. 6d., and the House of Commons has passed Sir Wavell Wakefield's bill by which it agrees in future to call sanitary inspectors "public health inspectors," as

being more dignified. It has yet to be decided what sanitary inspectors will call the House of Commons in the future.

Two main conclusions seemed to emerge from the debate on radiation. The first is that nobody really knows anything about anything, and the second is that almost everything is dangerous. It is a very dangerous thing, says Dr. Donald Johnson, to wear a wrist-watch. It is a very dangerous thing to be Dr. Edith Summerskill. It is a very dangerous thing, says Mr. Elliot,



Dr. Summerskill

to be inside a house. Death on the roads, my foot. What between radiation (Mr. Walter Elliot), step-ladders (Mrs. Mann) and poisoned ceilings (Mrs. Luce) you are lucky if you even get out of a bedroom alive. Chances of getting as far as a road are dim indeed, and before the menace of virgin birth, male Members moved uneasily with fear of being declared redundant. And yet here and there a human being does still continue to live.

As for Cyprus, Mr. Julian Amery and Captain Waterhouse think that we should go on governing there. Mr. Noel-Baker thinks that we should grant selfdetermination. Mr. Walter Elliot thinks that we should divide the island, like Gaul, into three parts. There are difficulties about all these policies, and questions to be asked. Of the Amerys we may ask: "Hold it what with and for what purpose?" There was a day when it was thought natural that Powers should hold on to any territory that they might happen to possess, but that is not the fashion to-day. Of the Noel-Bakers we may ask: "Is there any likelihood of a public opinion or a Government in this country which would carry through such a policy?" It may be true that the Turks have no rights here under the Treaty of Lausanne, as Mr. Clement Davies argued. It may be true that a few years ago the Turks would have raised no objection. But to-day there is grave reason to fear, as Mr. Maclay has said, that the Turks will fight if the island is handed over to the Greeks. It is not so much a question whether the Turks will be right or wrong as of what they will do. And what will the supporters of self-determination do to stop them? Of the Walter Elliots we may ask, as Mr. Paget asked: "Is there the least reason to think that either the Turks or the Greeks would accept this partition? And if they would not accept it and if British troops are not to enforce it, how is it going to be put into operation?" Yet whatever the difficulties and whatever the questions, these Members in their different ways are at least trying to say something. But what it is that the Government is trying to say it was, by the time that the Foreign Secretary had finished his speech, extremely difficult to tell. "A bell-hop," Mr. Aneurin Bevan called him. bell-hop, one might add, to a bell that was out of order. The Government

accepted the principle of self-determination. Fair enough, but then a condition of its application, in spite of Mr. Lennox-Boyd's disclaimer, was that the Turks should agree. And as there is not the smallest chance that the Turks will agree, it is difficult to see what the acceptance of a principle that cannot be applied can mean.

Supporters of the Government did not wish to defeat it in the division. They therefore used the term "the Government's policy" as a term of art, assuming for their own convenience, since they must assume something, that the Government's policy was the policy that they happened at the moment to be advocating; but what the Government's policy was, or is, is anybody's guess. Everyone wishes Lord Radeliffe well. But well in what? If he comes back with some ingenious constitution in his pocket, what happens to it if the Turks do not like it? And it is quite certain that the Turks will not like any constitution that is at all acceptable to the Greeks. The Government's supporters went into the division lobby in its support because one must go somewhere, but as for any intellectual leadership



Abolitionist Swingler

from the Government the front bench might as well have been occupied by a row of suet puddings.

The debate was enlivened, if enlivened be the word, by Mr. Longden's curious semi-revelation that he had in his possession an incitement to violence issued by a Member whom he would not name because he had not told that Member that he was going to bring the matter up in the House. Why, if he was going to mention the matter at all, he did not tell the Member and then give his name was not at all clear. Yet the issue about violence was most lucidly raised by Mr. Jeger from Goole. There are two different issues-the issue of terrorism and the issue of selfdetermination-connected but separate. Mr. Noel-Baker knows Cyprus better than the rest of us, is a personal friend of Archbishop Makarios, and is entitled to his opinion that the Archbishop is a good man. But to most of us the question is not so much whether the Archbishop is a good man as whether there is any chance of getting a settlement while he is shut out from negotiations by his exile. In the same way there is one question whether Cypriots are justified in wanting self-determination and enosis, and quite a different question whether they are justified in using violence and terrorism to obtain it. No one can seriously doubt that there was a great deal of truth in the allegations which Mr. Jeger made about methods of pressure employed to compel individual Cypriots to support the terrorist movement, and he was right in demanding that all Members, whatever their opinions on the constitutional question, should join in condemning those methods.

It was hard not to share Mr. Bevan's amusement at Mr. Amery's hope that the rebels against British rule in Cyprus would be found to be biting upon granite in their opposition to the Government. "More like Turkish delight than granite," thought Mr. Bevan; and no one can guess why Mr. Selwyn Lloyd makes his task wantonly more difficult by his gibes against Orthodox ecclesiastics. One may well dislike Orthodox ecclesiastics if one wants to, but it is mere ignorance to be surprised that in that part of the world churchmen are found as political leaders. As Mr. Noel-Baker truly showed, such ecclesiastical political leadership is traditional there and was



Abolitionist Silverman

made inevitable by Ottoman policy, which allowed none but the church leaders to speak for the Christian peoples. It is not at all unnatural, nor, when they happen to have been on our side, have we ever had any hesitation in calling on Greek churchmen like Archbishop Damaskenos to save us.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

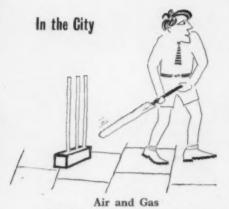
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"There is 6ft. 3ins. of Oakman, who . . ."
"In comes Alan Oakman, Sussex 6ft. 4ins. opening batsman . . ."
"Gosh," said the 6ft. 5ins. ex-Guardsman

"Gosh,' said the 6ft. 5ins. ex-Guardsman." I don't suppose it will be decided until Thursday morning whether I shall play or not..."—Daily Express

Could wait for him to grow a bit.





EVERY householder knows that British industry is still moving too slowly towards the ideal of standardization. Almost everything we buy seems to be produced in an infuriating variety of shapes, sizes and qualities, and simple repairs and renewals can seldom be effected without tiresome preliminary paper-work with catalogues, rulers and

working diagrams.

A homely example of this unnecessary confusion is the multiplicity of designs used in the electrical industry. After two changes of address "Mammon" is the unhappy owner of a sack of miscellaneous plugs, sockets and fittings which though formally interesting (even ex-citing to anyone familiar with modern sculpture) are a grave handicap when the domestic power and lighting service needs overhauling. The established procedure is to rummage through this monstrous aggregation of plastic hundreds and thousands, and then in despair to make yet another visit to the electrician.

Some progress has been made since the war in the elimination of wasteful variety—notably in pottery, printing and textiles—but industry is still a long way short of rationalization à l' Américain. British manufacturers of motor tyres, for example, turn out upwards of a hundred sizes: the Americans no more than twenty. And so far as I am aware American motorists do not chafe unduly under the restriction imposed on their freedom of choice and personal expression. It is true of course that the British industry is handicapped by the fact that old cars—all of them needing tyres—remain on the roads much longer than in the United States, and the recent slump in new car sales will undoubtedly add to this difficulty, but the eleven producers in this industry intend to go ahead with their plans to cut the variety of their products by about twenty per cent. The improvement

in productive and distributive efficiency resulting from this move should be substantial.

Meanwhile the knock in the motor industry is being echoed in tyres. Dunlop, the largest manufacturer, has resorted to short-time working and may have to dismiss 500 of its 16,000 workers at Fort Dunlop and Speke. Michelin, too, has changed down and switched to a forty-hour week, but Goodyear and Firestone, the biggest producers after Dunlop, have so far managed to keep going in top.

While tyres become more standardized, petrol shows signs of increasing variety. Last week Shell-Mex and B.P. introduced their third brand of gas, a super-brand retailing at 4s. 11d. a gallon, and it is more than likely that competitors will eventually follow suit. The new pump will deliver petrol rated at 100 octane, fuel that should be reserved for engines with abnormal compression ratios but will almost

certainly find its way into old has-beens of every vintage. Premium petrols (Esso Extra, for instance, at 97 octane compares with "mixtures" at 88 and commercial grades at 78) have proved remarkably popular—the motorist's assumption being no doubt that for a few extra pence per fill-up he can insure himself against all the evils to which the internal combustion engine is heir.

There is a tendency for shares in ancillary and component sections of the motor industry to slide with the price of car shares. But I see no reason why the investor should lose faith in oil and tyres. Though the export trade may have a pinched look cars of all ages will continue to run on our British roads and their consumption of oil and rubber should increase. Oil shares are standing up very well and are being bought for growth, but tyres, slipping somewhat, become increasingly attractive in terms of expected yield.

Mammon



It's On the Level

A GOVERNMENT subsidy exists which is payable to farmers who concrete their cattle yards or lay asphalt on lanes or in gateways. To many of us this subsidy has proved too much of a temptation. Especially as nothing is said in the application form to stipulate that the yard should not be flat. Indeed the conditions of the grant positively encourage a level site. It is, as I say, as if the officials at the Ministry of Agriculture wanted to lead one astray.

The method I employed to make my "cattle yard" was to hire a bulldozer first of all to level the site. Since this had previously been an orchard quite a lot of work was entailed in uprooting the old trees and shoving them over the hedge. This fabulously powerful machine then scooped up and removed all the surface soil until it got down to the rock. It's most necessary for a "cattle yard" to be laid on rock, otherwise cracks might eventually

develop in the final surface. That would never do, whatever kind of cattle you keep.

Having got down to the bed-rock, the bulldozer levelled the rest of the site until it was large enough for an adequate run-back. The cost of a bulldozer is £2 10s. an hour. But there isn't a site anywhere, however bumpy or rough to start with, which it can't prepare in six hours. Anyhow, the subsidy is payable on the bulldozer too, so one can afford to give the driver a generous tip. The next item is to lay the gravel or ashes on which to bed the concrete. We found a nationalized industry useful here: the electricity authorities supply excellent clinker at 12s. a load, however big your lorry. We sent a five-tonner and made about twenty journeys. On this clinker we laid three and a half inches of concrete, mixing the stuff in a mechanical gadget which we hired for £3 for a week from a local builder. For the first three inches a mixture of one pail of cement to eight of gravel is strong enough, but the final half inch should be in the proportion of one to four.

Within a week to ten days the "cattle yard" is ready for the herd. As I say, this subsidy constitutes a serious temptation, for the only distinction between a cattle yard and a tennis court is that the net should not be visible when the site is inspected. Of course it is most irritating to find there is no subsidy on

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE G. B. S. in Retrospect

Bernard Shaw. St. John Ervine.

R. ST. JOHN ERVINE has produced, for the occasion of the centenary of Shaw's birth. a massive, readable and useful volume. It is true that he lingers somewhat excessively over the plays themselvesunderstandable in a former dramatic critic who is also a dramatist. At the same time, the character and person of Shaw emerge clearly enough. Beneath the attitudinizing, the often foolish and unconsidered political pronouncements, the vanity which increased with years to a point which made it painful to his friends and nauseating to his enemiesbeneath all this are seen the authentic lineaments of a shy, timidly amorous, quick-witted expatriate Protestant Irishman, with a genius for comedy and a fabulous ignorance of what human beings are like.

Contemporary reputations, like contemporary currencies, tend to get inflated. The result is that death often obliterates them. A man will be immensely famous, and then, suddenly, after one last obituary spurt, he is forgotten even though his books continue to be read, his plays to be performed. Of no one was this more true than of Shaw. In an exhibitionist age he was an outstanding exhibitionist. He made himself a public buffoon, and managed to remain one right up to the end. The limelight continued to beat upon him when he was old and decrepit and meandering. His observations, however asinine, were quoted; his antics, however creaking and undignified, made news. Like an old ham actor he would not quit the stage; and when the curtain finally came down the audience hurried away, relieved that the show at last was over. His house at Shaw's Corner, which was to have been a national shrine, remained largely deserted, and an effort to raise a fund for its maintenance met with only a derisory response.

Why? There can be no question, as Mr. Ervine abundantly demonstrates, about Shaw's immense talent as a writer and as a controversialist. His

comedies will go on being played as long as Sheridan's or Wilde's; his prose is so scintillating and effective that despite the obsolescence of most of his subjects, and the sheer idiocy of many of his propositions, it is still pleasurable to read. If, after his death, a public which had been insatiably curious about his sayings and doings reacted to the opposite extreme, and only wanted to forget him, the cause lay in his character rather than in his works.

As long as he was alive the effervescence of his wit, and the carefully



cultivated attractiveness of his Irish accent and appearance (how irresistible in this country are tweed knickerbockers and a venerable beard!) obscured the essential disparity between what he preached and what he practised. He was, in fact, a humbug; and though, heaven knows, at different times many humbugs have been adulated, they are rarely much regarded in posthumous retrospect. Thus Shaw was a Fabian Socialist who grovelled indiscriminately before Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini; an advocate of equality of income who ceaselessly complained about super-tax; an ardent opponent of vivisection who found no difficulty in condoning, and even applauding, purges, deportations,

and all the other terroristic practices which Mr. Khrushchev has lately so carefully enumerated. The thought of killing an animal for food or sport appalled him; the thought of killing a man for an idea gave him no unease. I can never forget him in Moscow, at a time when, as is now officially admitted, severe famine conditions prevailed, gaily deploring journalists' reports of a food shortage. He had, he said, never been better fed in his life than at the

Metropole Hotel.

Such callousness was certainly not calculated. It was part of his disposition. Like so many humanitarians he was essentially inhumane. His concern for the collective well-being of mankind led him to overlook the feelings, the sufferings, the hopes and desires, of individual men and women. I contrast him always in my mind with Dr. Johnson who, in contemporary jargon, would be labelled a "reactionary," but who never failed to sympathize with a private woe, or, if he had the means, to respond to a private need. The abolition of capital punishment would have seemed to Johnson a preposterous proposal, but anyone in the condemned cell was sure of his help and his prayers. With Shaw it was the other way round. His presentation of the "undeserving poor" in the person of Alfred Doolittle is a comic masterpiece, but Johnson's was kinder. When someone objected that alms to beggars were spent on gin and tobacco he exclaimed: "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence?... Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.'

It is foolish to be angry with the dead—or with the living, for that matter. Mr. Ervine's affectionate, conscientious, but by no means uncritical study is a good corrective to the kind of irritation Shaw generated in the flesh. Like all of us, he was a creature of his time. The Zeitgeist, like fearful lightning, shot and sizzled through him—the more vividly and the more sparklingly because as a conductor he was so spare and

tempered. He had to wait long for recognition and economic ease, and so was the more inclined to preen himself on his success and fame, and to imagine that the abolition of poverty would cure all human ills. As with all clowns, beneath his public high spirits and selfassurance there was an undercurrent of melancholy. According to Mr. Hesketh Pearson (an earlier biographer, whose Life stands up well to Mr. Ervine's despite being written while Shaw was still alive), on one occasion Shaw remarked that he rarely went to bed without hoping never to wake again. Posterity will judge him less ebulliently than did his contemporaries while he was alive, and less coldly than they have after his death.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Europa Minor: Journeys in Coastal Turkey. Lord Kinross. John Murray, 18/-

Unlike some recent travellers, Lord Kinross does not describe a quest. He simply moves on, by bus or train or Government car or Consul-General's yacht, and puts down what he sees, whether it be the shape of the cliffs or the ruins of a temple or the dullness of the Turks, whom he finds unpicturesquely absorbed in developing their impoverished country and contrasts unfavourably with the busy, curious, lively Greeks. He illuminates his conscientious accounts of antiquities by quotations from early explorers and recent scholars and puts in enough history to make the archæology intelligible, though history cut up topographically rather than chronologically is a bit wearing on the attention.

His eye for detail and the pressure of accumulated fact build up a complete picture of the area, but it is only when he allows himself one of his rare moments of relaxation and decoration that it entices: "... the castle of Corycus, its walls and towers white and gold against water so shallow that its ripples were reflected, like goldmesh netting, on the sand."

R. G. G. P.

Band of Angels. Robert Penn Warren. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18/-

Women novelists are, as a rule, more adept in assuming the characteristics of the opposite sex than their male colleagues, except perhaps for Mr. Joyce Cary; and, peculiarly enough, Mr. Penn Warren's latest novel—told in the first person by its heroine, Amantha Starr—recalls in style, from its opening sentence, Mr. Cary's Prisoner of Grace. The subject matter is, however, very dissimiliar: though Mr. Penn Warren, in setting his seene during the period of the American Civil War, and including those years immediately preceding and succeeding the conflict itself, is also concerned with examining a time of unrest and its effect on his characters as seen

through the eyes of a feminine participant. Amantha, too, has temperamental affinities with Mr. Cary's Nina—though the dramatic misadventures which befall her are, perforce, of a more cataclysmic nature: including her auction and sale—by her father's creditors—to a New Orleans slave-dealer.

Despite the grand scale upon which the book is constructed, and its wealth of violent incident, the author manages to avoid—owing to his essential seriousness as a novelist—having produced just the basis for another transatlantic epic in CinemaScope.

J. M.-R.

A Night to Remember. Walter Lord.

All the circumstances of the Titanic disaster in 1912 seemed to mark the end of a carefree chapter. Declared unsinkable, and steaming at all but full speed in spite of six ice warnings, the ship hit a berg on her maiden voyage and went down in under three hours, her lights blazing, her band playing. Her boats blazing, her band playing. Her boats could carry less than half her complement; few were filled, for there had been no drills or assignment of places. The crew behaved very well, and so, on the whole, did the passengers. The age of formality was not quite over; an American millionaire changed into evening dress to meet death, and afterwards there were shocked complaints of the crew smoking in the boats.

For more than twenty years Walter Lord has been sifting a mass of contradictory evidence. He gives his findings with so much vivid detail that the reader begins to feel himself in the middle of this extraordinary adventure.

E. O. D. K.

History of the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles. Vol. II. Gale and Polden, 25/-

Members and friends of the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles will welcome this second volume of their regimental history, which takes their story from 1929 to 1947. Four battalions took the field in that period, of which one, the First, fought in the Middle East and Italy during the recent war and the remaining three in Burma. This lucid and detailed account of their achievements is produced with something approaching opulence. The maps in particular are unusually adequate.

B. A. Y.

Edward VII and His Circle. Virginia Cowles. Hamish Hamilton, 25/-

Miss Cowles does not pretend to do more than add Edward VII to Charles II and George IV in the list of Kings with entertainment value, but she has combed the memoirs of the time and some of her stories will be new to most readers. On foreign policy she is a little more serious, arguing that the reaction against the "Edward the Peacemaker" legend has



gone too far. He had held consistent views on the necessity for a French and a Russian alliance for over thirty years and, if Lansdowne did the treaty-making, the King handled public relations brilliantly.

Miss Cowles describes the violent temper, the touchiness over trivial details and the hysterical assertion of royal prerogatives that went with Edward's kindliness and genial self-indulgence; but it is a wonder that, with his upbringing, he was sane at all. Though he may have been philistine, ostentatious and shallow, he becomes quite attractive if one thinks of him as one of the nicest of the Edwardian tycoons. There were, after all, better men who made worse kings.

R. G. G. P.

Some Rise by Sin. Claude Houghton. Hutchinson, 12/6

This novel describes a fantastic clash of personality in the manner of a thriller, but with a top-dressing of psychology. On the lower level it carries the reader along fairly swiftly, on the upper it is slightly pretentious and suffers from an almost total lack of humour.

A hopeless neurotic conceives such a crazy hatred for the girl in the flat above, a stranger whose confident beauty has upset him, that he has her shadowed and tries unsuccessfully to wreck her marriage with an elderly man by telling him of a love affair with a glib cad who has picked her up for the sake of a free meal. Instead of throwing the lunatic out on his ear the husband, a most improbable lawyer, explains in the starry language of melodrama that it is high time his dear wife had a lover. Mr. Houghton writes

narrative with economy and force, but none of his people is sufficiently interesting to support such an outlandish plot. E. O. D. K.

Lucy Crown. Irwin Shaw. Cape, 16/-

A competent, decisive business man engages a tutor for his invalid son, who is clinging far too much to his mother. The mother has a brief affair with the tutor, and the boy peeps through a window and sees them. This blasts everybody's life. Pictures of that frail plant, the American marriage, of feminine compared with masculine virtues and of the limits within which a broken childhood entitles a man to be "impossible" succeed one another smoothly; the flashback, which ought to be one of the rarest and most specialized of fictional devices, is used to excess.

Easy to read, at points disquieting but never moving, this is probably an interesting and enjoyable novel for anybody who has not met this kind of American novel before. In dimness of characters and woolliness of descriptive writing it is a little below the rest of its class. Where it comes alive is in dialogue, from memorable wisecracks to the cut-and-thrust of bitter comedy.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

Major Barbara (OLD VIC)
Someone to Talk To (DUCHESS)

THE Salvation Army no longer counts its income in pennies (if ever it did), girls from Wilton Crescent can work as dustmen or how they will, the Welfare State has established its great feather-bed and for the backyard agitator there is now the refuge of the Front Bench. A lot has happened since 1905, and yet *Major Barbara*, most of its questions answered, remains a remarkably entertaining play, at any rate until the ethical gymnastics of its last act. The only important character to fade seriously is not Barbara, nor her outrageous papa, nor her boffin fiancé, but Lady Britomart. Shaw's idea of a starched dowager was almost suburban in its gentility even for 1905, and at the Old Vic Marie Burke has her work cut out to make her live at all.

In this production, which will shortly take abroad the Union Jack as well as the house-flag of the Bristol Old Vic, John Moody has rightly decided, since the arguments have lost their social point, to stress their comedy. The family group

is still amusing, and the scene at the Salvation Army shelter one of Shaw's funniest human orchestrations. What he really intended in the third act I am never sure. Barbara's volte-face is utterly out of character, and even more so is the self-persuasion by which Adolphus becomes a gunmaker. The play does slide, badly.

Moira Shearer is learning her new trade so quickly that I hope it will be no discouragement to say that though her Barbara hasn't yet the power to explain her subjection of the East End she is a clever and engaging person. The Undershaft is excellent; in Joseph O'Conor, with his wit and voice and presence, we have an actor of whom we make too little use. Derek Godfrey gives Adolphus the nimble cynicism to stand up to the whole Undershaft brigade, and Edward

Hardwicke and Alan Dobie score freely for West Ham. I should hate to live at Perivale St. Andrews, but Patrick Robertsons' impression of it, and of Wilton Crescent, are charming.

In praise of Someone to Talk To I can find nothing to say, except that it might have been even more sentimental than it is. Its futility and dullness made me wonder dizzily by what method of selection it could possibly have been brought all the way from the United States. Helen Haye has the crushing task of being an ancient spinster-birdwatcher living, for the sake of long ago, in a very inconvenient flat carved out of the ballroom where once she had held hands with a young man who had afterwards married somebody else. At his death he returns, apparently riddled with gout, and goes on returning, heralded by celestial music, growing younger all the time and making things socially very difficult for his hostess, until inexplicably he becomes his own live grandson (I think these rather puzzling details are correct) and falls in love with his old flame's niece. This curious arrangement seems to solve everything, but left me asking why his widow should express no surprise at the exact resemblance between the grandson and her husband at the same age. Opportunities for acting are absent in such a play, but at least Frances Lyndall, called in at short notice owing to illness, gave a very useful account of herself.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)
Romanoff and Juliet (Piccadilly—
30/5/56) and The Waltz of the Toreadors
(Criterion—14/3/56) are the best new
comedies in London. Although thinner,
The Chalk Garden (Haymarket—25/4/56)
is acted with distinction.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE GALLERY



The Matisse Plaques and Wyndham Lewis and the Vorticists at the Tate (Vorticists Closes August 19)

T the Tate Gallery in the Sculpture Hall four large plaques representing four separate versions of the female figure, back view, by the late Henri Matisse, are on approval with a view to purchase for the nation by public and private subscription. The price is £3,000 per plaque with a reduction of £1,000 in all if the four are purchased. cidentally ten similar sets are in the course of production. We have, a pamphlet informs us, already bought two of the plaques and nearly bought another. For my own part, I wish the matter would rest there, and even wish it had not gone as far as it has. reasons are two. First, the earliest work, already purchased, with its vigorous character and pleasant interplay of



Andrew Undershaft-JOSEPH O'CONOR

[Major Barbara Barbara—Moira Shearer

planes, is far the most interesting of the four; the other three become progressively stiff and dehumanised. Second, Matisse was far more a painter than a sculptor-as a colourist he often showed a freshness and gaiety which are quite magnificent. The Tate is not rich in his best works. Therefore I suggest it would be better to draw in our horns now, and save our cash until such a time as a really fine Matisse canvas comes into the market.

The works of Mr. Wyndham Lewis are the main feature of the Vorticist Exhibition. Mr. Lewis (whose writings I much admire) might be described as a theoretical rather than instinctive painter. At one time his theory of art was such that its forms could be rendered—it would seem at least-by rulers and compasses alone, without the free use of the human hand. In his later and more realistic pieces, by which he himself sets greater store, he still seems haunted by the shadow of these instruments with a corresponding abruptness and loss of subtlety. If Renoir's taste for "caressing" a canvas may be taken as axiomatic, to some extent, of all good painting, then surely a caress is best imparted by the human hand rather than a sledgehammer or, in this case, a set-square. ADRIAN DAINTREY



Wedding Breakfast The Baby and the Battleship

BETTE DAVIS has always roused strong emotions: approval or disapproval, people seem to feel and express it almost with passion. makes it more difficult to decide how to formulate what I want to say this week, but perhaps the best thing will be to begin by saying it quite straightforwardly and simply: that her new picture, Wedding Breakfast (Director: Richard Brooks) will probably appeal most to, and be most liked by, precisely those people who always say they can't stand Bette Davis and refuse to go to her films at all.

This must not be taken to imply that the large number of moviegoers who normally do approve of her will be disappointed: on the contrary, I think the film will be generally liked and enjoyed. And Miss Davis's performance is terrific. As the poor Bronx materfamilias who wants to give her daughter a slap-up wedding (against the daughter's wishes) she is quite splendid.

The situation is obvious and familiar enough: the young people want (for one or two good reasons quite apart from personal feeling) to get the occasion over with no fuss whatever, and the bride's father has strong economic, as well as personal, reasons for agreeing with them; but the mother wants the day to be memorably magnificent, partly because she never had such a day herself, and her arguments are reinforced by the pressure of convention. Old Uncle Jack (a ripe



(Wedding Breakfast

Mrs. Tom Hurley-BETTE DAVIS

part for Barry Fitzgerald), who lives with them, must be invited, and if he comes so must all the other uncles and aunts and cousins. The whole affair begins to develop into a "catered" occasion, in a hired ballroom, with many scores of guests, costing all the money the cabdriver father (Ernest Borgnine) has been saving for twelve years to buy his own

"The whole trick," the mother tells her daughter, is to "make it start good," and she is determined to do this for the girl at whatever cost; but the cost, in emotional exhaustion as well as in cash, mounts up. There is an extraordinary grip about the situation as one feels more and more strongly "Why won't they see what trouble they are causing?". . . And at last they do-or at least the mother, the most powerful personality behind it all, does become aware of what is happening. The plan is abandoned, the young people do as they wish, and the family settles down again.

This is all admirably done, with excellent amusing, touching detail, and several other notable performances besides Miss Davis's. I simply don't understand the one or two critics who have managed to find it "depressing."

O incongruity, what crimes are committed in thy name! Not that The Baby and the Battleship (Director: Jay Lewis) is any crime: it is highly amusing and full of good things; but one does suspect that the decision to make it was prompted by "front office" calculations. Incongruity is always comic, a baby on a battleship is about as incongruous as you can get, and (clinching argument) the women are certain to lap it up . . .

But perhaps it's unfair to be influenced by such suspicions; better to take the thing at its face value as a well-done piece of fun. The central characters (apart from the baby; of course it is accepted that an infant performer can do no wrong anyway, but this does seem to be a remarkably good-tempered one) are two sailors, one of whom saddles the other with an Italian baby while they are on shore leave in Naples. For reasons that seem adequate at the time, it has to be hidden on the ship, which goes to sea while the unwilling guardian is asleep.

Then the foreseeable but still funny complications pile up. John Mills and Richard Attenborough have a great time being Cockney comedians, and though most of the other characters in a long cast are type-parts they are nearly all able to make a quite memorable impression. There are several comic climaxes of belly-laugh standard, and the whole affair should please and amuse brows of

almost any height.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

There is an interesting remake in colour of Anything Goes-radically rewritten except for the important things, the lyrics and music, and with some elaborate new choreography. I quite enjoyed it. Grisbi or Honour Among Thieves (27/6/56) continues; and the long Grisbi or Honour Among awaited The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit has arrived.

The new release I like best is Foreign Intrigue (11/7/56), a complicated murderand-blackmail melodrama with remarkable visual attractions.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR Ask Me Another

THERE is a lot to be said for a broad education: it helps to keep up the supply of panelists for television parlour games. Indeed, it is quite possible that under pressure from the B.B.C. our universities will in time be driven to arrange courses in clementary trivia and award general degrees-B.Sc. (Quiz) -to graduates with a thorough grounding in insignificant memorabilia.

The curriculum will include superficial studies of everything and everybody, with special emphasis on extraordinary occupations and endproducts, old photographs and There will be anagrams. training in such matters as

baiting the chairman, ogling the studio audience, and hogging the limelight, and every student will be expected to make a grand tour of Britain's museums during his final year.

"What's in the Picture?" the latest of the B.B.C.'s quiz and parlour games (though the blurb in Radio Times took pains to avoid the noxious nomenclature and proudly announced "A New Kind of Programme"), is no better and no worse than the rest of these futile, time-wasting, out-of-season romps. Take down any picture-book from your shelves, put a hand over the caption to any illustration. and invite your family to identify what's in the picture, and you will have much more fun than this programme can hope to offer. Your panel will not consist of cele brities, nor will they sit like transfixed butterflies in a showcase: there will be no chairman to recite the rules of the game,



What's in the Picture?"

DENZIL BATCHELOR GLADYS YOUNG KENNETH ADAM

> keep the panel on their toes and mock at our competitive system of private enterprise by awarding, deducting and fiddling with marks. But you will at least move at your own pace and divert yourself from boredom in an original, first-hand fashion.

The chief things wrong with panel games are the panels and the games. It is a sad thing that millions of people in Britain prefer to watch outdoor games rather than play them: it is infinitely more depressing that we have now become a nation of spectators, via television, even of indoor games. In "What's in the Picture?" we are invited to toe the TV touchline and enjoy the sight of other people playing our parlour games for us. Could anything be more degrading?

Without their panels these quiz programmes might provide an occasional half-hour of harmless recreation. Even

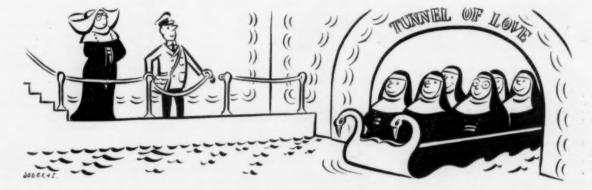
so, I should much prefer an interval signal and the screened announcement "No transmission for thirty minutes-viewers so inclined may now play their own parlour games.

Of the team taking part in What's in the Picture?' Kenneth Adam (referee), Gladys Young, C. H. Gibbs-Smith, Bernard Murphy and Denzil Batchelor-I will say only that in their various ways they all demonstrated that they were not unaware of the awful emptiness of the proceedings. The programme was devised by Kenneth Adam and John Myers, presented by Michael Barsley and bolstered by Picture Post, and in all fairness I must add that they tackled their assignment with My grouse is efficiency. levelled at the policy makers

and programme-planners, the people who still think of television as a peep-show and of panel games as the universal anodyne.

The first edition of this parlour trick was followed by a genuine what's-in-thepicture programme, the clear-cut, in-formative and useful "Facts and Figures." Here there is no panel to cloud the issue. spoil the view, and destroy the viewer's direct participation: Messrs. Miall, Wheldon, Blackaby and Wurmser let the pictures speak for themselves and leave the viewer to play the detective in his own way. The planners would no doubt compare the merits of the two items by reference to the returns of Viewer Research, but they should realize that an appetite for reasonably intelligent fare can be ruined by repeated dosing with sugary pulp.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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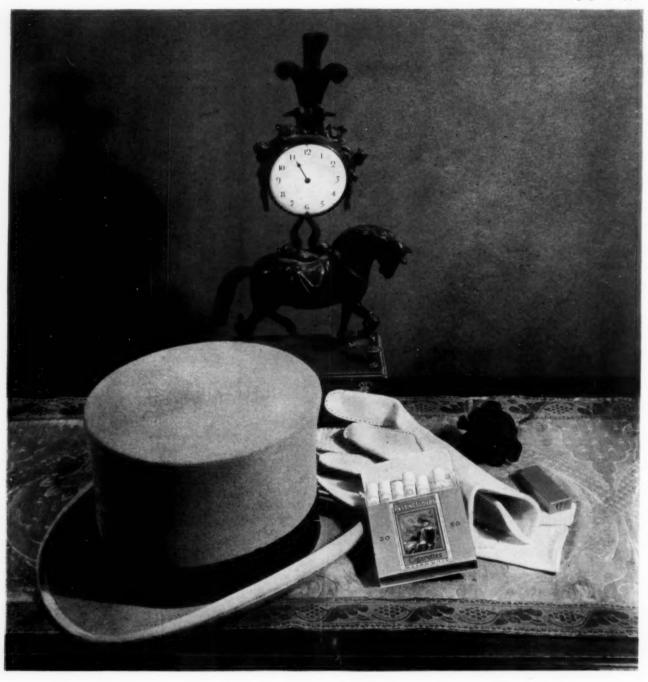
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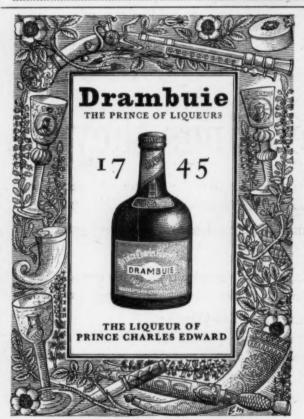
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